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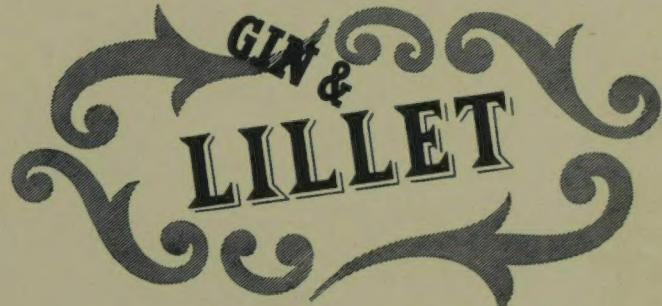
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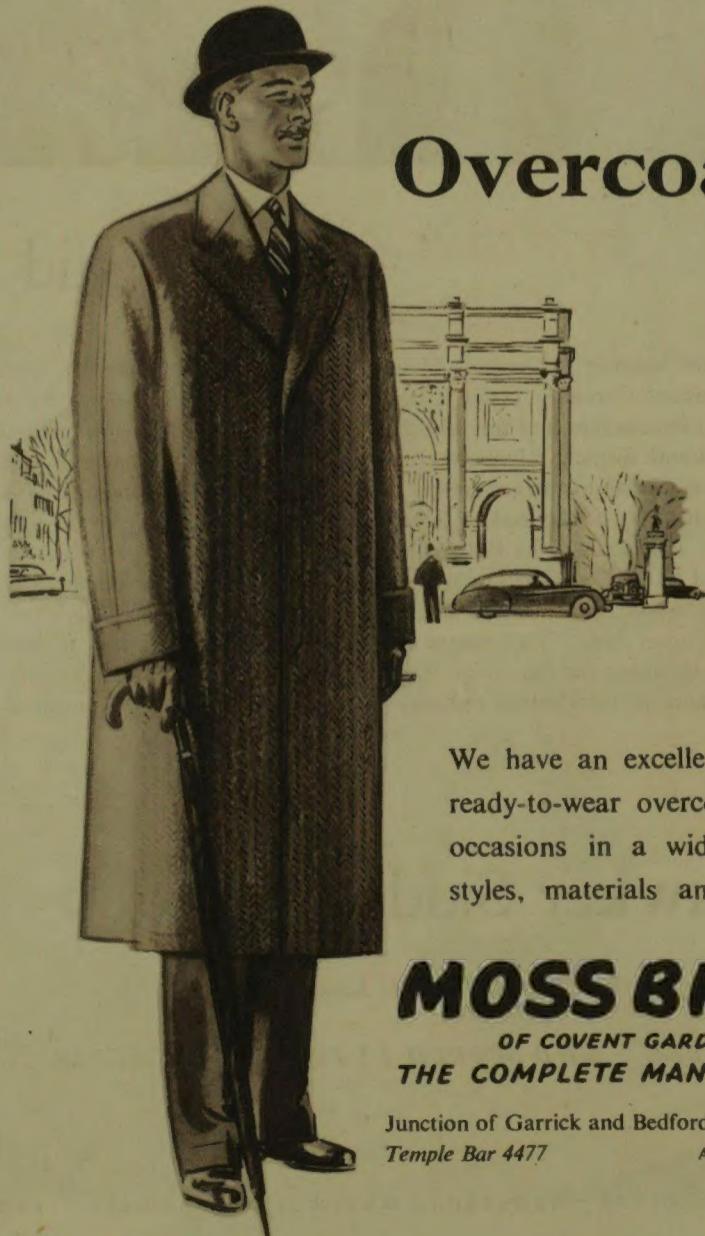


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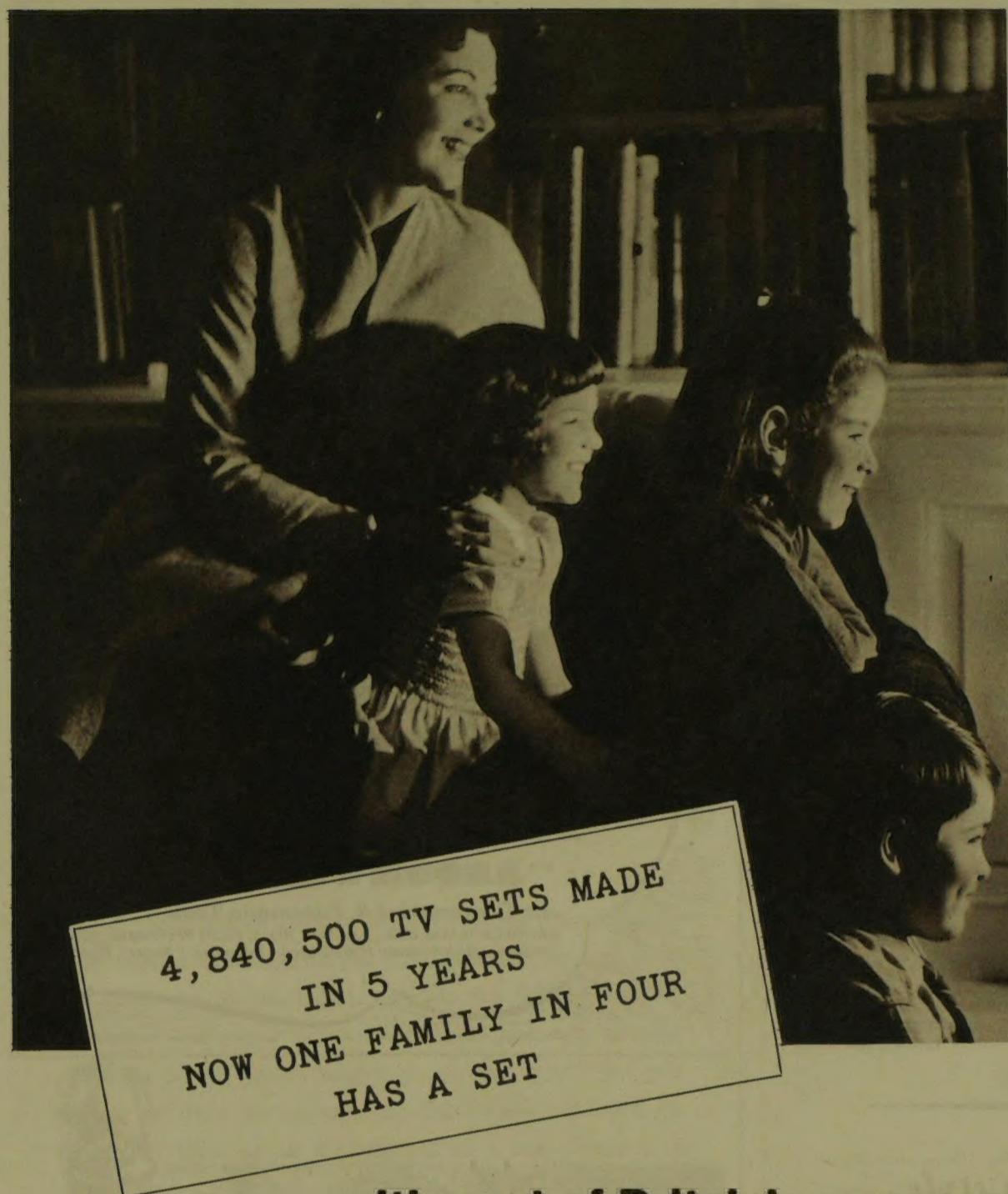


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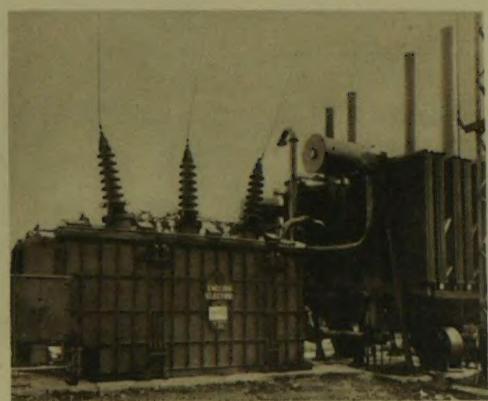
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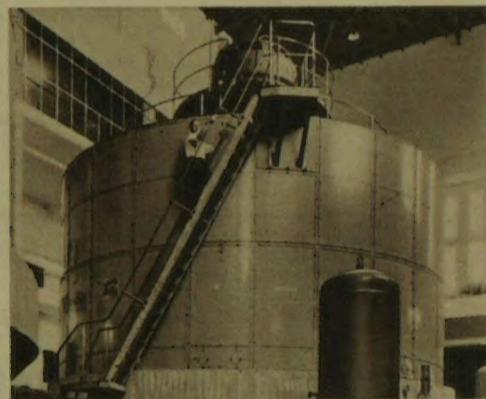
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EARNING MONEY OVERSEAS. Egypt has recently acquired 19 ENGLISH ELECTRIC five-coach articulated diesel-electric trains to operate a new high-speed passenger service.



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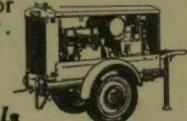
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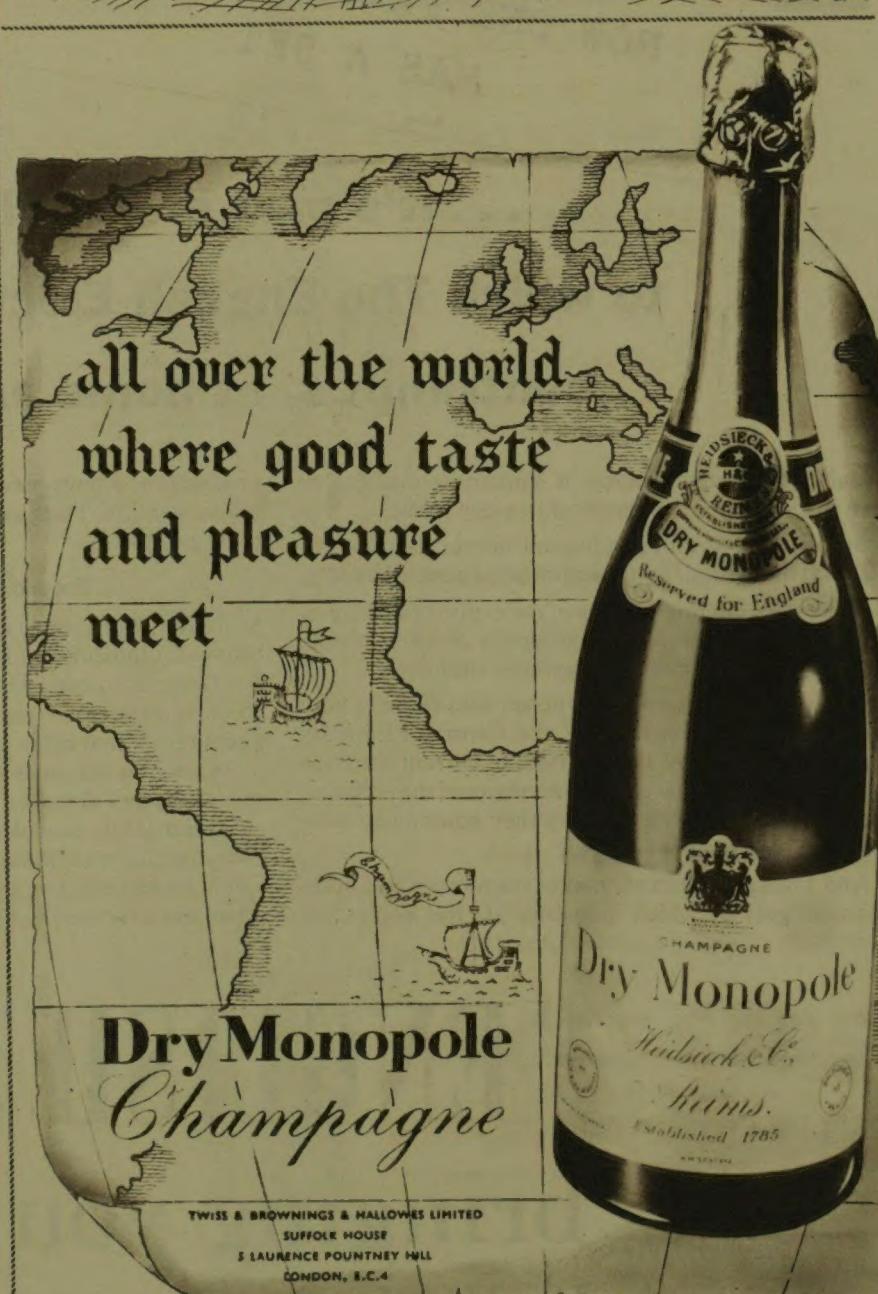


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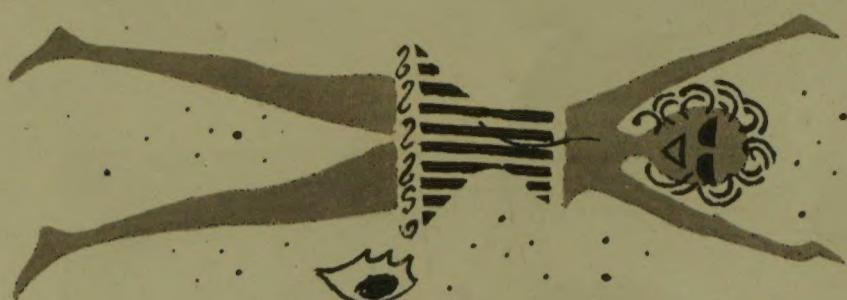
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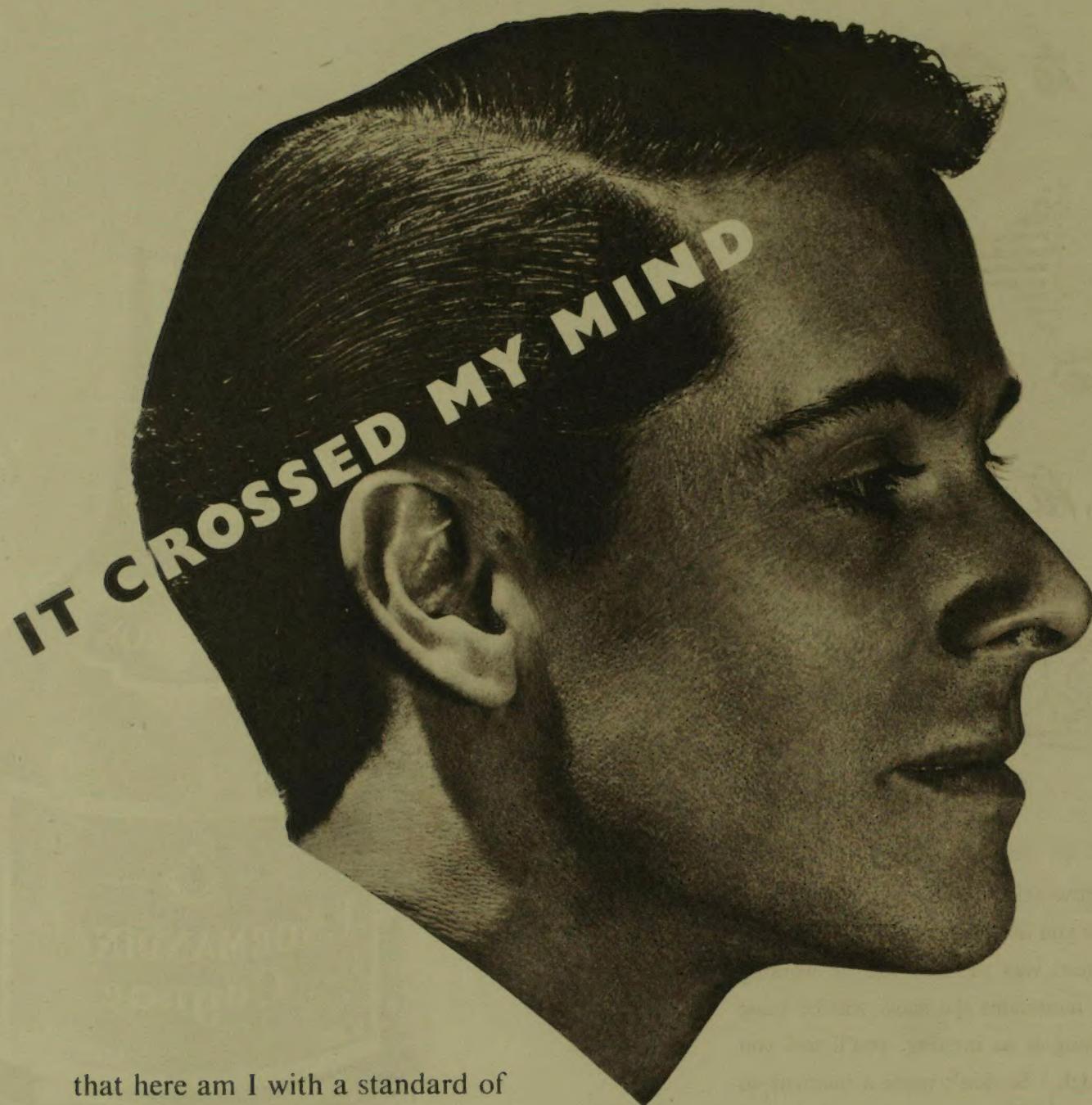
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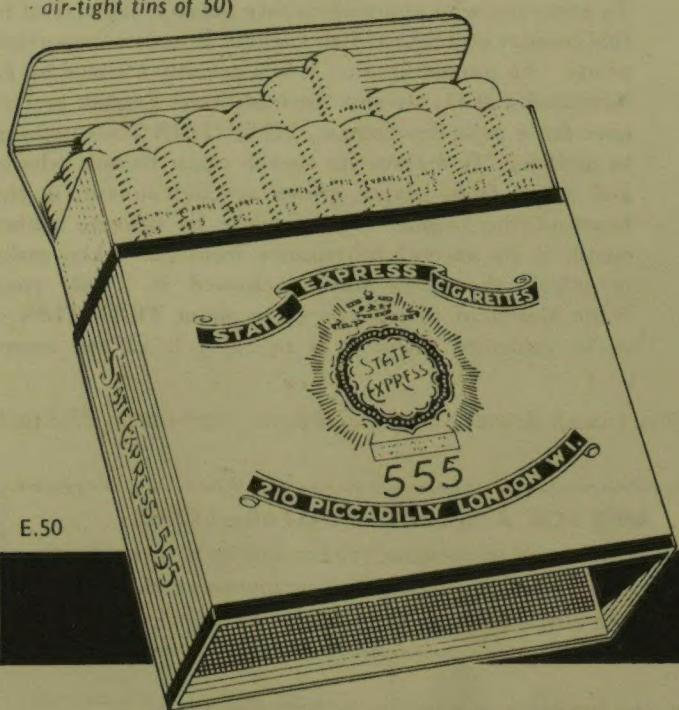
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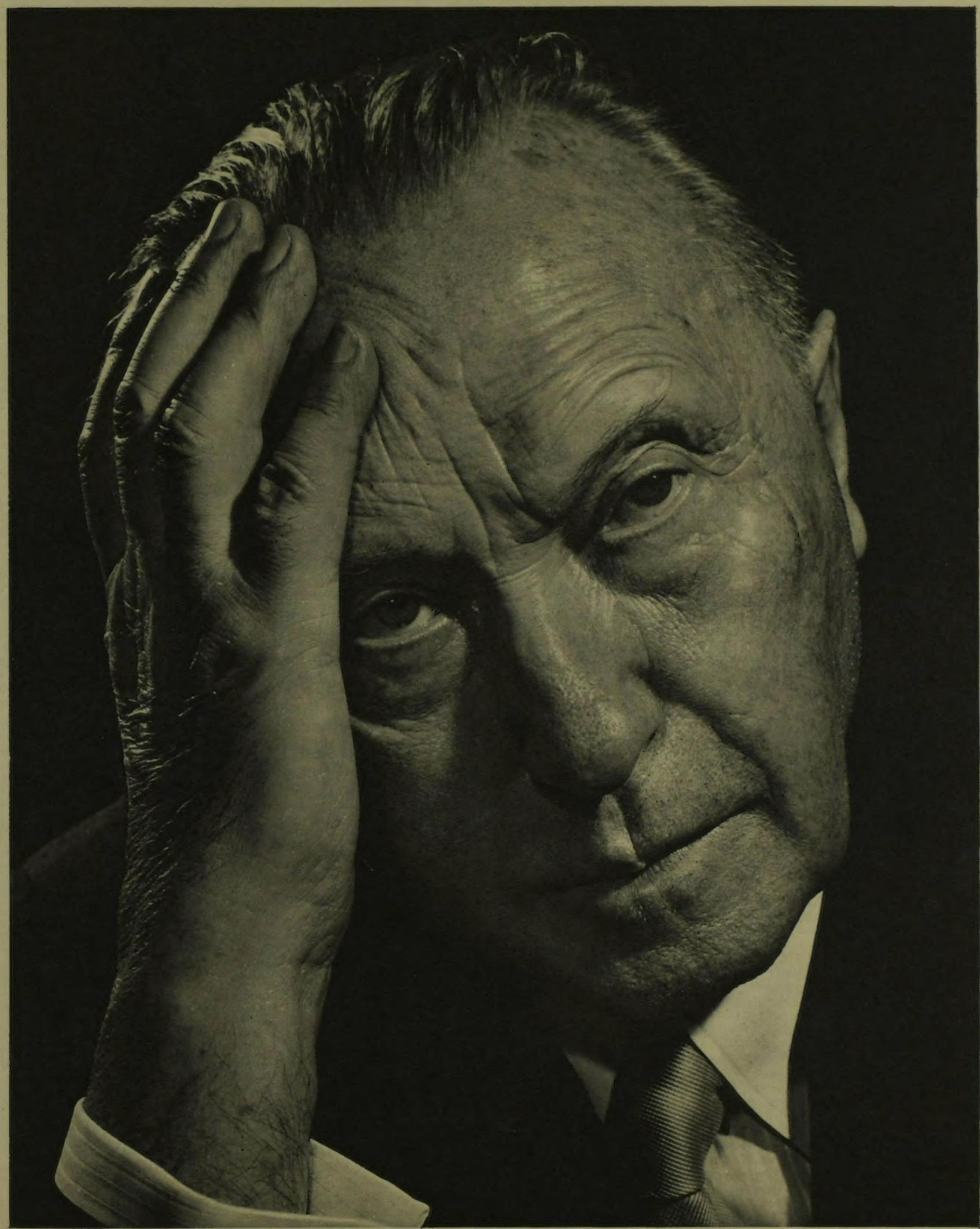
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1955.



GERMANY'S ADVOCATE AT MOSCOW: DR. ADENAUER, THE FEDERAL GERMAN CHANCELLOR.

In response to Marshal Bulganin's invitation, given some three months ago, Dr. Adenauer, the Federal German Chancellor, and his Foreign Minister, Herr von Brentano, went by air to Moscow on September 8 for discussions with the Soviet leaders. In the early stages of the talks, the Russian point

of view, put by Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev, seemed calculated to lead to deadlock; and the situation was not improved by bitter references, on both sides, to atrocities and "terrible things" during the invasions of Russia and Germany. [Exclusive portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.]



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I SEE that some official person or body—and how full our modern world is of official persons and bodies!—has ordered the gypsies off Leckwith Common, in Wales. According to a report in the newspapers, the queen of the Leckwith Common gypsies has written—or rather, dictated, for she is apparently unaccustomed to writing—an appeal to her Majesty. This appeal, as reported in the Press, reads:

Your most gracious Majesty.—Please excuse me for wrighting to you, but I and my family are desperate for a place to live. My name is Lydie Lee, I am 68 year old, and with my family gipsys have lived on Leckwith Common, Cardiff, for 50 year.

Now we are told we must leave here, and we have nowhere to go. Can you find us, please, some piece of land where we gipsys can live?

We are willing to pay rent to live there in peace. All my family is being broking up because we have no place to live, please help us because we are loyal and honest people, many of my people have fought in the wars.

Your loyal subject—Lydie Lee.*

I like the sound of Lydie Lee immensely and very much hope that her Majesty or one of her Majesty's subjects will be able to help her find the little piece of land she seeks. It ought not to be very hard, though gypsies are sometimes said to be bad neighbours. I have always myself found them a picturesque, harmless sort of folk, and feel that they ought to be left in peace to live their traditional life. In the past they have bred—and, I suspect, still do—many fine men and women, with courage and imagination, who have enriched our race. One of my dearest friends is the grandson of a gypsy and bears a famous gypsy name: a man in a thousand and a pillar of the social fabric of his neighbourhood and trade. We are not breeding men of outstanding character so readily to-day that we can afford as a nation, in our passion for universal uniformity, to stamp out any peculiar community in our midst that adds spice and variety to our at present rather heavy national leaven. I like gypsies, as I like Jews—"that sacred and romantic people," as Disraeli called them—and value the infusion from the ancient Orient they bring to our national stock, for, though both types have their faults and failings, as all human and racial types have, their virtues far outweigh them. F. E. Smith, the great Lord Birkenhead, I have always understood; had gypsy blood; and if ever a man was born with an extra share of courage and imagination it was he. I wish we had a dozen Englishmen in public life to-day of the same stamp.

Everything, of course, is against the gypsy in the modern world. What with the Welfare State, the march of social administration, and motoring for the million, there is scarcely any place left for the slow-moving caravan, the ragged ponies and the crowd of dusky, tatterdemalion but rosycheeked, bright-eyed children, the sight of which always gave me such a thrill of joy and delicious terror when I was a boy, cloistered in a secure, sheltered and austere Victorian home. These folk have never been conformers, have never turned their backs on nature, have never supposed that comfort and security are acceptable substitutes for freedom. But little by little they are being whittled away, enclosed and absorbed into the stodgy, helpless, queue-forming urban and suburban mass which is becoming the national norm. Years ago there used to be a gypsy encampment in Notting Dale, on a little hill not far from what to-day is Latimer Road Station. Every winter the gypsies would camp there, returning from their summer wanderings along the dusty roads and wild heaths of England and Wales. But gradually the town closed around them and the last caravan was crowded out by the houses, and the Lees and Hearnes were made one with the Billy Browns of London Town. They helped here and elsewhere, I fancy, to make the Billy Browns the brave, cheerful fellows they were; there was always a touch of the gypsy in the old traditional London Cockney of the pre-1914 world—a glorious type, to-day, like the gypsies themselves, becoming extinct. I will not say, and should be reluctant to believe, that the young Londoner of to-day has not more wit and imagination than he appears to have, but his surface appearance and speech is not inspiring; one is tempted to think, perhaps unfairly, that there can never have been a duller generation or a more spoon-fed one than that which we are turning out, at such enormous expense, to-day. "From the age of seventeen," that great comedian, Leslie Henson, used to sing

A brainless sort of an ass I've been;
I may be ugly
But at least I'm clean!

In the days when that artless ballad was first sung, the type which it pilloried was that which our more expensive public schools were laughed at for turning out. Now it appears to be the type that every school in the country is busy turning out and no one laughs at all. Gypsies do not conform, and to Public Authorities and those who serve them they seem no doubt a great nuisance. But they are not brainless; they are not, at any rate, when they are young, ugly, and they are not particularly clean. I like them!

I like, too, the beauty of their caravans, now so fast disappearing. More than a quarter of a century ago, I often used to pass a great summer encampment on Whittlesea Mere of these enchanting caravans. Their occupants were mostly shabby and, one could not help suspecting, verminous, but the paint and brasswork on their caravans and harness were as glorious as an Eastern caravanserai and as bright and gleaming as brass-work of the Royal Navy. Their people had pride and standards and tradition, and they have them still, even though it is not our pride and our standards. "Can you," ran the old gipsy song,

 speak the Romany tongue?
 Can you make the fiddle ring?
 Can you poison a jolly hog?
 And split the stick for the linen string?

The modern world, so allergic to the wild and to Nature, is blind to the Romany virtues; it only sees, like a prim schoolmaster, the matted hair, the untidy clothes, the grubby hands of these children of the wilderness. Yet their eyes see so much that the modern world misses. The poets have always realised this and, like the lady in the ballad, with her silks and fine feather bed, have been off, in imagination at least, with "the raggle-taggle gypsies O!" Borrow, that great prose poet who re-created Morland's England in the age of the Gradgrinds and Veneerings, appreciated them, not only with a poet's instinct, but with a scholar's lore, and Browning, with less knowledge but no less insight, drew a wonderful picture of them and their old crone queen in "The Flight of the Duchess." And almost the most astonishing *tour de force* in the whole of our literature is the magic poem in which the late Victorian Board School Inspector and apostle of culture and light, Matthew Arnold, commemorated the tale told by seventeenth-century Glanvill of

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AN ILLUSTRATION AND QUOTATION FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF SEPTEMBER 22, 1855.



THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL—THE CAPTURE OF THE MALAKOFF TOWER. FROM A DRAWING BY OUR ARTIST IN THE CRIMEA, GUSTAVE DORÉ.

In our issue of September 22, 1855, we published this engraving sent to us by our Artist and Special Correspondent, Gustave Doré. A long letter headed: Camp Before Sebastopol, Sept. 8, Six a.m., 1855, brought the narrative of events before Sebastopol to noon on that day, "the hour at which the French and English storming columns were in the very act of rushing to the assault against the city, which, during three previous days, had been devastated by the terrific fire brought to bear against it by the Allies." This action decided the Crimean War, though peace was still months ahead.

that Oxford scholar poor,
Of pregnant parts and quick
inventive brain
Who, tired of knocking at
preferment's door,
One summer morn for-
sook
His friends, and went to learn
the gipsy-lore,
And roam'd the world with
that wild brotherhood,
And came, as most men deem'd,
to little good,

But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

Nothing written by any English poet is so nostalgic as this great word-picture of the Oxfordshire countryside as it was in the last age before progress and the internal combustion engine shattered its age-long peace and social cohesion, and, in the midst of it, the shadow of that ghostly scholar

pensive and tongue-tied,
In hat of antique shape and cloak of grey
The same the gipsies wore.

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
haunting the Hurst in spring or accosting with his store of flowers the maidens from the upland hamlets come to dance around the Fyfield elm in May—

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade,
With a free, onward impulse brushing through,
By night, the silver'd branches of the glade—
Far on the forest-skirts, where none pursue,
On some mild pastoral slope
Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales,
Freshen thy flowers as in former years
With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,
From the dark dingles, to the nightingales!

For that magic in our English music we owe thanks to the gipsy folk and their encampments and the spark from Heaven that, at the sight of the "smoked tents" and "scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of grey," has lighted the heart of many a little town-bred English boy. I hope our kind and beautiful Queen and her official advisers will find a way to do something for Lydie Lee and her ancient, mysterious people.

DR. ADENAUER IN MOSCOW: OPENING STAGES IN THE FIRST WEST GERMAN-RUSSIAN TALKS.

(LEFT.)
DR. ADENAUER TURNS TO WAVE BEFORE ENTERING THE LUFTHANSA AIRCRAFT FOR MOSCOW AT WAHN AIRPORT. WITH HIM (FROM TOP TO BOTTOM) ARE HERR K. G. KIESINGER, PROFESSOR CARLO SCHMID AND HERR GLOBKE.

(RIGHT.)
THE BOOK LISTING THE FRANKFURT MEN STILL BELIEVED TO BE PRISONERS IN RUSSIA. THE LARGE CANDLE IS DEDICATED TO GERMANS STILL IN RUSSIA AND TO DR. ADENAUER'S EFFORTS TO SECURE THEIR RELEASE.



THE FIRST MEETING IN THE SPIRIDONOVKA PALACE, MOSCOW. ON THE RIGHT IS THE RUSSIAN DELEGATION: (FROM RIGHT TO LEFT) MR. SEMYONOV, MR. MOLOTOV, MARSHAL BULGANIN, MR. KRUSHCHEV AND MR. PERVUKHIN. ON THE LEFT ARE THE GERMANS (SECOND FROM THE LEFT TO RIGHT) HERR KIESINGER, HERR VON BRENTANO, DR. ADENAUER, HERR HALLSTEIN AND HERR ARNOLD.



A SMILING AND FRIENDLY GREETING FOR DR. ADENAUER (RIGHT) IN MOSCOW FROM MARSHAL BULGANIN, WHO STANDS BETWEEN MR. PERVUKHIN (LEFT) AND HERR HALLSTEIN.

As reported on our front page, Dr. Adenauer went by air to Moscow on September 8 at Marshal Bulganin's invitation (given some three months ago) to discuss various matters affecting Germany and Russia. Dr. Adenauer was accompanied by a number of advisers and experts, including his Foreign Minister, Herr von Brentano. The first session of the conference was brief and consisted of speeches by Marshal Bulganin and Dr. Adenauer. The Marshal spoke of diplomatic and trade and cultural relations; Dr. Adenauer referred only briefly to these, but stated that normal relations were unthinkable while the question of prisoners in Russian

GRAVE FACES BEFORE THE START OF THE SECOND DAY'S TALKS: DR. ADENAUER (LEFT) WITH HERR VON BRENTANO.

hands was still outstanding, and spoke at length on the need for re-establishing German unity. On the second day, Marshal Bulganin said there was a misunderstanding: there were no German prisoners of war in Russia, there were only convicted war criminals, whose number was 9626. The Germans claim a number between 50,000 and 80,000, but admit this includes many missing who may be dead. Dr. Adenauer admitted Russian sufferings during the war, but said that it should be borne in mind that "terrible things" happened, too, during the Russian invasion of Germany. This led to an angry intervention by Mr. Khrushchev.



WRECKED SHUTTERS AND DEBRIS-STREWN PAVEMENTS: A TYPICAL SCENE OUTSIDE A GREEK SHOP IN ISTANBUL AFTER THE ANTI-GREEK RIOTS HAD SUBSIDED.



CLUBS AND BATTERING-RAMS BEING USED TO SMASH GREEK-OWNED SHOPS: AN INCIDENT DURING THE LATER STAGES OF THE ISTANBUL RIOTING IN WHICH IMMENSE DAMAGE WAS DONE.



OVERTURNED IN AN ORGY OF DESTRUCTION: A CAR WHOSE OWNER FAILED TO MAKE IT CLEAR THAT HE WAS IN FAVOUR OF THE RETURN OF CYPRUS TO TURKEY.

A TURKISH CROWD THAT RAN WILD IN AN VIOLENCE DURING THE ISTANBUL



SAVING WHAT THEY CAN FROM THE WRECKAGE OF THEIR SHOPS, ATTACKED AND LOOTED DURING THE RIOTS: GREEK SHOPKEEPERS AFTER THE ISTANBUL DISTURBANCES.



BRANDISHING CLUBS AND THROWING STONES BEFORE THE WRECKAGE OF A GREEK STORE. THOSE INSIDE HAVE HURLED THE CONTENTS INTO THE STREET.



DISPERSING RIOTERS FROM A PILLAGED GREEK SHOP: TURKISH POLICE WITH DRAWN BATONS ARRIVING ON A SCENE OF WRECKAGE. MORE THAN 2000 ARRESTS WERE MADE.

The conflict of views between Greece and Turkey over the future of Cyprus sparked into violence on September 5 when a stick of dynamite was exploded at the back of the Turkish consulate in Salonika. When the news of the explosion reached Istanbul, crowds of Turks surged through the street, shouting anti-Greek slogans, and staged a demonstration before the Greek consulate. Dispersed by the police, demonstrators later began a more violent protest. Carrying Turkish flags and

portraits of Kemal Ataturk, they attacked hundreds of Greek-owned shops and houses. Iron bars, clubs and battering-rams were used to break into stores, whose contents were torn out and hurled into the street. Police commanding units to the scenes of mob violence were impeded by crowds, and the debris littered the streets. Shouting "Cyprus is Turkish," thousands of young Turks set fire to many Greek Orthodox churches, overturned cars judged to be owned by Greeks

ORGY OF DESTRUCTION: SCENES OF MOB ANTI-GREEK RIOTING.



DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS WAVING FLAGS AND SHOUTING SLOGANS: ONE OF MANY BANDS OF YOUNG TURKS WHO LED THE RIOTING.



MARKING THE PATH OF THE RIOTERS: A STREET IN ISTANBUL LITTERED WITH DEBRIS AND MERCHANDISE FOLLOWING A NIGHT OF TURBULENCE AND DESTRUCTION.



TANKS PATROLLING THE DEBRIS-STREWN STREETS AFTER MARTIAL LAW HAD BEEN PROCLAIMED. THE END OF A WAVE OF RIOTING ATTRIBUTED TO A "COMMUNIST PLOT."

similar demonstrations took place in Smyrna, where the office of the British consul was wrecked, and Ankara, where the office of the N.C.T.O. was said to have been roughly treated, and at Ankara, where a crowd of several thousand marched against the Greek Embassy and were dispersed by police using tear gas. Martial law was imposed in these three cities, and more than 2000 arrests were made. Istanbul suffered a



ON THE MARCH THROUGH ISTANBUL, DEMANDING CYPRUS FOR TURKEY: YOUNG TURKS DEMONSTRATING AGAINST GREECE BEFORE THE SERIOUS RIOTING THAT WAS TO FOLLOW.



A SCENE OF MOB VIOLENCE: RIOTERS USING AN IMPROVISED BATTERING-RAM TO SMASH IN THE FRONT OF A GREEK SHOP DURING THE SYSTEMATIC CAMPAIGN OF WRECKING AND LOOTING.



A TURKISH POLICEMAN USING HIS BATON TO DRIVE OFF THE RIOTERS: THE LATE ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE WAS ATTRIBUTED TO THE CROWDS AND THE MASSES OF DEBRIS IN THE STREETS.

food shortage as a result of the riots, for most of the food desires are Greek, whose premises were looted or destroyed. The Turkish Government has expressed its grave regret for the disorders, which it attributed to Communist agitators. Full compensation will be paid and those responsible for the riots will be punished. Many were hurt during the demonstrations, but it is believed that few serious casualties were incurred.

LAND, SEA, AND AIR: NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THREE CONTINENTS.



DURING BATTLE OF BRITAIN WEEK: A DISPLAY OF GERMAN AND BRITISH WARTIME AIRCRAFT ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE, IN WHITEHALL.

To mark Battle of Britain Week—September 12 to September 18—there were displays of aircraft on Horse Guards Parade and at London Airport. The traditional Hurricane and Spitfire were to head the Battle of Britain fly-past over London, which was arranged for September 15. These aircraft were to be followed by 48 Hunters of the R.A.F., 12 Sea Hawks of the Royal Navy, and 12 F86D aircraft of the United States Air Force.



AT GAZA: AN EGYPTIAN SHORE BATTERY ALONG THE COAST OF THE GAZA TRUCE AREA, A STRIP OF SEMI-DESERT WHICH HAS BEEN THE SCENE OF INCIDENTS THIS SUMMER. On September 8 the Security Council called unanimously for a cease-fire between Egypt and Israel. The task of implementing this resolution is now in the hands of the two contending countries, and the truce supervisors, on the spot. Captain Falls discusses the Gaza situation elsewhere in this issue.



CREATING THE WORLD'S FIRST OFFICIAL FASTER-THAN-SOUND SPEED RECORD: A U.S. F-100C SUPER SABRE JET AIRCRAFT PILOTED BY COLONEL H. A. HANES, U.S.A.F.

On September 5 the United States claimed a new world air-speed record of 822.135 m.p.h., more than 70 m.p.h. faster than the previous official record. The North American Aviation Company said that Col. Horace A. Hanes, of the U.S. Air Force, attained the speed in two runs over the Mojave Desert, California, on August 20 in a F-100C Super Sabre jet fighter. The announcement was made at the National Aircraft Show at Philadelphia, where Col. Hanes flew the F-100C past the reviewing stand. He was later presented with the Thompson trophy.



WITH THE THOMPSON TROPHY: COLONEL H. A. HANES, U.S.A.F., WHO HAS SET UP A NEW AIR-SPEED RECORD.



THE POLISH DESTROYERS BURZA (LEFT) AND BLYSKAWICA, AT PORTSMOUTH, DURING THE COURSE OF A POLISH NAVAL COURTESY VISIT TO ENGLAND.

On September 8 the Polish destroyers *Burza* (1515 tons) and *Blyskawica* (2144 tons), both of which served with the Royal Navy in the last war, paid a brief courtesy visit to England, leaving on September 11. During the visit officers and men visited London to lay a wreath at the foot of the Cenotaph.



THE GREEK STATE VISIT TO YUGOSLAVIA: AT THE RAILWAY STATION, BELGRADE (R. TO L.),

MARSHAL TITO, THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE HELLENES AND MRS. BROZ.

In return for the State visit paid by Marshal Tito to Greece last year, King Paul of the Hellenes and Queen Frederika began, on September 6, an eight-day official visit to Yugoslavia as the guests of President Tito. After being met by a Government delegation at the frontier, the Greek Royalty were greeted at Belgrade Station by Marshal Tito and his wife and by all the members of the Yugoslav Government. A guard of honour was formed at the station by 600 men of the Tito Guard Division.



LITERALLY DITCHED: A VAMPIRE AIRCRAFT OF THE R.A.F., WHICH OVERSHOT THE RUNWAY WHILE TAKING OFF AT HONG KONG RECENTLY. THE TWO OFFICERS IN THE AIRCRAFT WALKED AWAY UNHURT, IT IS REPORTED.

FIRES, FLOODS AND EARTHQUAKE: SCENES FROM CALIFORNIA, PAKISTAN, HOLLAND, ITALY AND LISBON.



THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE: A SCENE OF DISORDER IN A GROCER'S SHOP IN SAN JOSÉ, CALIFORNIA, AFTER AN EARTHQUAKE.

On September 5 many shopkeepers in San José, a residential and fruit-marketing town in Southern California, were confronted with scenes similar to the one shown in this photograph, after an overnight earthquake. Most of the damage was centred in San José, though the tremor was felt over an area of a hundred miles.



AT MAASTRICHT, IN HOLLAND: A SCENE DURING A FIRE ON SEPTEMBER 9, WHICH PARTLY DESTROYED THE GREAT MIDDLE TOWER OF THE CHURCH OF ST. SERVAES. THE FIRE BROKE OUT IN SCAFFOLDING WHICH HAD BEEN ERECTED ROUND THE TOWER DURING REPAIR WORK.



IN SEQUOIA NATIONAL FOREST, IN CALIFORNIA: A FOREST FIRE WHICH DID EXTENSIVE DAMAGE AND THREATENED THE CELEBRATED GENERAL GRANT REDWOOD.

This photograph shows flames roaring along Hoist Ridge, in the Sequoia National Forest, in California, on the fifth day of an outbreak in which thousands of acres of trees were burned. The flames reached to within a mile of the General Grant redwood, which has been calculated to be more than 3000 years old.



IN EAST PAKISTAN: FLOODED VILLAGES PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR BY DR. F. DAUBENTON, MEDICAL-SOCIAL CONSULTANT TO THE LEAGUE OF RED CROSS SOCIETIES. The Indian Red Cross has asked for international relief for the flood victims in Northern and Eastern India. Dr. Daubenton flew to India on August 19 to determine which supplies were most urgently needed. Food has been dropped for some of the 600,000 flood victims in Orissa, on the east coast of India.



IN SAN SEBASTIANO, SIXTY MILES EAST OF ROME: A WOMAN BAILING-OUT WATER FROM HER FLOOD-WRECKED HOME. THE VILLAGE WAS DEVASTATED BY A SEVERE STORM ON SEPTEMBER 5. AT LEAST FOUR PEOPLE WERE KILLED AND OTHERS REPORTED INJURED AND MISSING. SOME 600 PEOPLE WERE LEFT HOMELESS. THE VILLAGE SQUARE WAS SUBMERGED BY MUD.



IN LISBON: FIREMEN BATTLED WITH THE FLAMES WHICH DESTROYED THE ROOF OF THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BUILDING HOUSING THE CHANCERY OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY ON SEPTEMBER 9. A POLICE CORDON HELD BACK SIGHTSEERS AS FIFTEEN HOSES WERE PLAYED ON THE BUILDING. STRENUOUS EFFORTS PREVENTED THE FIRE FROM SPREADING TO THE LOWER FLOORS.

EVERYDAY LIFE IN 16TH-CENTURY ENGLAND.

"TUDOR FAMILY PORTRAIT"; By BARBARA WINCHESTER.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MISS WINCHESTER claims for the documents on which her book is founded that they form "surely the most magnificent collection of Tudor letters yet to see the light of day." As far as my knowledge extends (for the Pastons were earlier) the claim is a sound one, though I dare say that an academic historian might challenge it with some mass of correspondence revealing the conflicts, complexities and tortuosities of the time. Such records as those, however, must leave the non-specialist, uninstructed, perhaps incurious, reader cold: these letters of the Johnson family, by virtue of their common humanity, link us far more closely to our ancestors than do the more ceremonial or more complicated communications of their worldly "better" and political superiors. About some of the phenomena of the time, such as bubonic plague and the sudden and inexplicable sweating-sickness, we may feel Pharisaical; a ghost from the period might point an accusing finger at us and say that we may have abolished some devastating pestilences but have cold-bloodedly, or recklessly and unthinkingly, invented others. Their floors were not as clean as ours; their communications were rudimentary; they had no "mod. con." "They change the sky but not the heart" comes to us from a far more ancient day. That applies to a difference in space; the same—with reservations about unavoidable custom and environment—applies to differences in time. It has always been known that really good poets are beyond the restrictions of time: that Virgil and Catullus can be hailed across the centuries as brothers, with whatever horrors of custom they may have been surrounded. But mightn't the same apply to honest tradesmen? The romantic apostles of reincarnation usually go in for extremes, as in—



A TYPICAL WIFE OF THE TIME OF THE JOHNSONS: MRS. PEMBERTON. WHETHER SABINE, THE WIFE OF JOHN JOHNSON, WAS BEAUTIFUL OR PLAIN NOBODY WILL EVER KNOW.

From the miniature by Holbein in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

able to understand the grocer in ancient Rome better than Sir Marmaduke Thing would be able to understand Marcus or Sulla, Antony or Augustus. For he had no politics: he was merely thinking of doing his job in the world, and doing the job for himself and his family. And that is what appears in this book.

"John Johnson was a merchant of the Staple, a most worthy, sober, diligent and orderly man.

He kept and filed not only all the letters he received from his impetuous and charming wife, from his two brothers, from his relations, friends, business acquaintances, apprentices and servants, but also a copy of every single letter that he ever wrote, whether in English, French or Flemish, destined for London, the country or abroad." Little did that decent man know about the fate of his letters.

John Johnson, after being a merchant of the Staple, exporting wool, importing wine, buying a country house and farming, with a competent wife looking after the accounts of the farm and a competent brother looking after the foreign trade, little knew what was coming to him. The brother died; the plagues came; and he went bankrupt in 1553. But he never gave in: to the end of his life he was what Swift called "a Projector."

I must frankly confess that

I am not very much interested as a person. He is, though an honest man, altogether too much of our own time; I'm sure that, to-day, he would be a very much respected member of both the Calais and the Dover Golf Clubs, the members of which

would say to each other, at the nineteenth hole, "Well, I don't care what anybody says. They say that that chap John Johnson is a foreigner really, but all I say is that he is a damned good chap." There is nothing more certain about John Johnson than that, had he lived in our day, he would have taken a country house, farmed and played golf: and it is quite likely that he, a sober-business man with a charming wife and a clever young brother to run the "London End" might be, even now, let down?

The brother, Otwell, was certainly capable; but, just as John was settling down, as it were, to hunt with the Quorn and the Pytchley, Otwell died. John's wife remained.

I have read several reviews of this book: but none of their authors seems to have noticed the one person who has stuck out in my mind. Tradesmen and warehousers and mariners, Civil Servants and kings, they all pass across these pages. But the people who call to us across the centuries are the people who neither knew nor cared about politics.

Chief of them all is John's wife, who had the odd name of "Sabine." She was an extremely amusing woman—a woman like the women we know, and not made remote by a muff or a choker. She had laryngitis and wrote to her husband: "I have had an impediment these four days that many would have their wives to have it all the year; for four days I could not speak—it came with a cold." The letters of the couple when young are enchanting: she teases him like a Jane Austen heroine, and one can see that she loves when she teases. He doesn't understand; men sometimes don't; and her reaction is "How clumsy and stupid you men are."

Well, I suppose we are. We shall continue, bumbling about, anxious to please the other sex, but

not having a clue as how to do it.

After John Johnson had made his gambles on French and Spanish wines, which didn't keep and were, anyhow, held up by pirates, he doubtless said to Sabine, his wife, "But look, suppose it had come off, how rich we

should be!" And, across the arches of the years, one can hear the eternal reply of the female: "Yes, that's what you say; but I'd rather you had stuck to your proper business than going gambling on your silly dreams."

Do I seem to be wandering from my subject? I am not! At moments, during the perusal of this book, one does encounter the religious controversies of the day, and the principal characters are Lutheran or Calvinist. But very little of this selection from a large collection of letters is concerned with either religion or politics: mostly the concern is with earning a living, getting on with servants, keeping the peace with relations, and coping with the tax-collectors.

In other words, "*Plus ça change.*" There may be people to-day who, inspecting this collection of old letters, will exclaim: "Why, they hadn't even got TV," and others who will criticise the people of that era because they hadn't any drains. Well, the ancient Romans had splendid drains (and gladiatorial massacres) and England under the Tudors had not.

This vivid volume has brought me back to an old dilemma: "Would I rather have lived then than now?" which must have presented itself to many a man and woman in our day. On the whole, after ample consideration, I think that I should rather have lived at that time. It is true that I would have had my head cut off if I had opened my mouth; but



MISS BARBARA WINCHESTER, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Miss Barbara Winchester, who was born in 1924, was educated at Brighton and Hove High School and at Birkbeck College in the University of London. She is now working as a secretary. The book reviewed on this page is her first book, and was written as a result of her thesis for her Doctorate of Philosophy.



STANDING "IN HIS COUNTING-HOUSE AS JOHN OR OTWELL MIGHT HAVE STOOD": A DELIGHTFUL AND INTIMATE STUDY OF A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MERCHANT, GEORGE GISZE.

From the portrait by Holbein in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

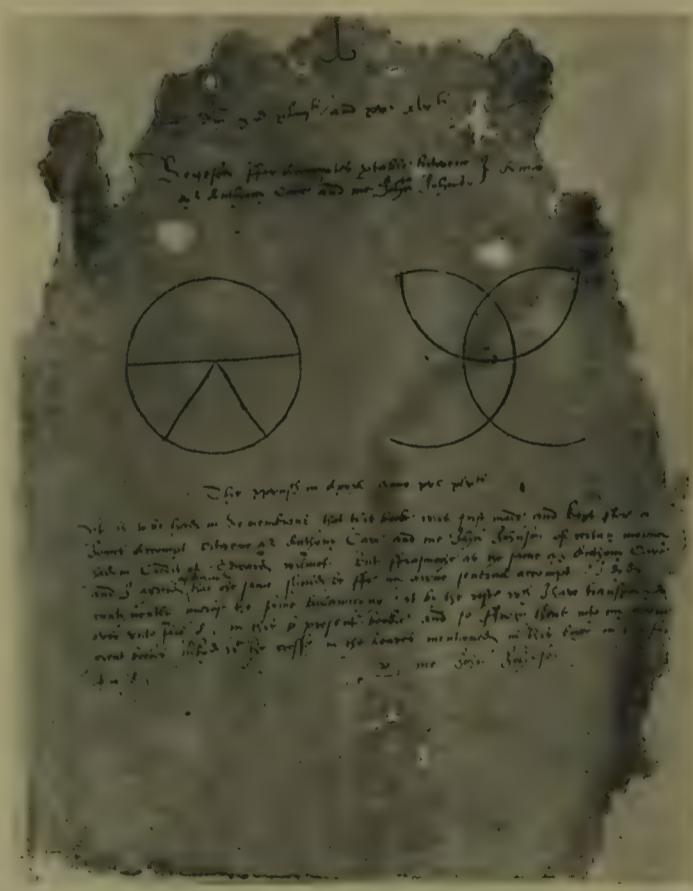
When you were Queen in Babylon
And I was a Christian slave.

But they never sing:

When you were a char in Babylon
And I kept a grocer's shop.

Yet I think that, were the "twain to meet," the grocer or the plumber in the Pimlico Road would be

* "Tudor Family Portrait." By Barbara Winchester. Illustrated. (Jonathan Cape; 25s.).



JOHN JOHNSON'S ACCOUNT-BOOK.

From the original manuscript in the Public Record Office. Illustrations reproduced from the book "Tudor Family Portrait"; by courtesy of the publisher, Jonathan Cape.

I think that I could have kept my mouth shut. To-day I can say what I like: but the Welfare State has to be paid for all the same.

I haven't said much about the book which I am supposed to be reviewing. It started too many trains of thought. But it is a first-class book; well-edited, which reminds us that intelligent humanity didn't begin yesterday.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 498 of this issue.



SMILINGLY ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD: H.M. THE QUEEN, A RADIANT FIGURE, IN THE FLOWER-BEDECKED ROYAL BOX AT DONCASTER, WHEN SHE ARRIVED TO SEE THE ST. LEGER RUN.

H.M. the Queen, who is on holiday at Balmoral Castle with members of her family, travelled to Doncaster to see the St. Leger run there on September 7. The Queen arrived early to watch the annual yearling sales in the Glasgow Paddocks before the race. Her car brought her from the Royal train, which had travelled overnight to Bawtry. After watching the sales for ninety minutes, the Queen then toured the Glasgow Paddocks with her racing manager, Captain Charles Moore. Her Majesty then had luncheon at Sandbeck, the home of Lord and Lady Scarbrough,

before returning to the course, where she saw the St. Leger won by *Meld*, Lady Zia Wernher's filly. *Meld* is the first filly to have won the 1000 Guineas, the Oaks and the St. Leger since *Sun Chariot* did the same for King George VI. in substitute races in 1942. After the race a large crowd waited for the Queen's departure for the paddocks, where she attended the first hour of the evening sales and inspected some yearlings. The Queen returned to Scotland by train overnight, arriving at Ballater at 7 a.m. on September 8.

ON August 26 the United States Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, made his much-discussed statement on the project of the American Government to bring about a settlement between Israel and the Arab States. In order to achieve this end, he said, the United States would be prepared to join the Middle East Powers in treaties to protect the Arab-Israel frontiers, once these have been determined by agreement. It would also support loans to expand agricultural development and compensate Arab refugees—who number about 900,000. He spoke of an international loan to Israel for this purpose. In this country the announcement was received with approval, which did not amount to optimism. It was stated that Britain would be prepared to enter into such a treaty of guarantee. Mr. Dulles' words were a disappointment to the Arab States and, it must be presumed, correspondingly welcome to Israel.

"Compensation" has all along been the motto of Israel on the refugee problem; "repatriation" that of the Arabs. By the principle of abstract justice, which has not prevailed on these borders for a long time, the Arabs are in the right, but theirs is the less realistic of the two solutions. The Arab States have never departed from it, but they might be ready to do so if they could obtain what they considered a satisfactory settlement from other points of view. However difficult it may be to reach agreement here, it must surely be easier to do so than in the matter of the frontiers. Technically, there are no frontiers between the Arab States and Israel. There are truce lines on which the war between them came to a pause, and, again technically, this war has not come to an end. In two cases, those of Israel's frontiers with Egypt and the Jordan, the fixing of frontiers is likely to prove a matter of extreme difficulty.

That is why no optimism was shown about the proposals of Mr. Dulles in this country. The private comment of some cynics was that it amounted to little, because the possibility of fixing frontiers to which both sides would agree was as remote as ever, perhaps more so, and if that cannot be done we remain where we started. To this Mr. Dulles might reply that he had included inducements of some value in his offer. It is certainly the case with Israel, which has sought a guarantee of this kind. But an Egyptian spokesman has already declared that the offer is made from the point of view of Israel, not that of the Arabs. One Arab reaction is that, though the United States had for a time appeared more favourable than usual to the Arab world, in the long run the weight of Jewish influence in the country has made itself felt again. In a struggle marked by such bitterness as is present here, peacemakers seldom find disinterested motives ascribed to them.

Just before Mr. Dulles made his announcement, the talks which had been going on about the situation in the Gaza Strip since June, with the participation of Egyptians and Israelis, had been broken off by Egypt. The reason given was raids on the strip by the forces of Israel. Little evidence has yet been produced as to the rights and wrongs of these and more serious subsequent border incidents, and if it were, neither side would acknowledge its truth. There was, however, one unusual feature about the reports. Both Egypt and Israel stated with pride that their forces had raided territory occupied by their opponents. The Egyptian raids were the deeper, one having reached Rehovoth, 35 miles north-north-east of Gaza, and another, it is claimed, having approached Beersheba, 25 miles to the south-east. The heaviest, however, was that carried out by "a mechanised force" from Israel on the Egyptian post at Khan Yunis. Messages from Israel claim that the confusion among the Egyptians as a result of this attack was so great that the whole strip could have been seized without difficulty.

All the time General Burns, the Canadian representative of the United Nations, toiled patiently and courageously to bring the fighting to an end. Egypt was the first to suggest a cease-fire. On September 1 Israel declared that it would agree to one if Egypt would do the same. By that time things were quietening down, though other incidents were reported on September 3. On the 4th Israel accepted the appeal. The hopeful believe that both sides now feel they have gone rather too far, though this view may have been belied before these words are read. Neither is averse to a little blood-letting, but both are conscious of the importance of world opinion. In each case there appears to be impatience among the soldiers such as may easily lead to raids and bombardments without these

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

EGYPT AND ISRAEL.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

having been ordered by the respective Governments. The other borders were quiet during the period mentioned, but the forces of Jordan and Syria stood on the alert.

Not everyone realises in this country that, though the Egyptian Army made a poor showing in the war with Israel, its prestige at home is high. The Egyptian people know little of the detail of that war. It must be admitted that the Army had some excuse for its failure. It was for the most part badly led and always miserably supplied. An Israeli officer who served against the Egyptians then assured me that the troops never had a chance. It may be of interest to consider how the Army stands to-day and whether the lessons of the war have been taken to heart.

the country than would have been the case if it had been called upon for this duty in 1948, and it must be remembered that during the troubles on the Canal, armed police opposed our troops with great bravery at Ismailia, when they were in a hopeless position and might have been expected to surrender. On the other hand, it is possible that major operations in Palestine would strain the administrative organisation and reveal defects in it.

The Israel Army is a more powerful force, nearly thrice as large and better equipped. In a conflict between Israel and Egypt only, it would run no risk of defeat. It can rely on the support of a well-trained and enterprising Air Force. On the other hand, a full-scale war between Israel and Egypt is inconceivable. The other Arab States would quickly intervene. In one case only, that of the relatively small Arab Legion of the Kingdom of Jordan, can their forces be said to reach a high standard of efficiency, but their pressure from all sides would be a danger. Israel survived it last time and made clever and determined use of interior lines, but a repetition would undoubtedly cause her anxiety.

The threat of a fresh war between Israel and Egypt has already caused the Arab States to close their ranks again and put aside the differences which have so often weakened and distracted them in the past.

It hardly needs to be added that a new Israel-Arab war would be a calamity extending far beyond the countries immediately concerned. The vast region roughly known as the Middle East is one in which progress is painful and a retrogression to chaos only too swift and easy. The fact that relations with Soviet Russia have improved is no justification for underrating the importance of all this region in the defence of the free world. A good deal has been achieved in this respect, but any benefits achieved by statesmanship must depend on the maintenance of internal peace. The damage to trade would be grave, and the Middle East is one of the world's major oil regions. Unhappy international complications would be created. Britain's relations with Jordan would involve one of them. My own view of these relations is that they are in all respects justified and beneficent, but they would none the less be vulnerable to attack, at home and abroad, in the event of war. Moreover, action to stop such a war would be difficult.

If a genuine cease-fire now takes place and fighting stops in and about the Gaza Strip, this will be reason for satisfaction, but not a positive advance. Three major problems have to be solved before there can be any satisfactory settlement. They are: the creation of a spirit of compromise such as will permit "peaceful co-existence"; agreement on frontiers; the beginning of a solution of the refugee problem. In the third case a beginning is the most that could be hoped for. The problem is in the first instance political, but it also contains an economic factor. In present circumstances there is no prospect of finding work or land for all the refugees in the Arab countries for a good few years to come. The frontiers could be very quickly redrawn if arbitration were accepted, but this, too, is likely to take a long time. And while the borders with Egypt and Jordan are what they are, it is not easy to reach even the first aim of peaceful co-existence. Yet the first approach would have to be on these lines.

An innocent observer might think that the recent fighting had been for Gaza. He would be mistaken. It is an ironical reflection that Gaza is of little value to either side. It is a port without a harbour, and it is the centre of one of the densest and most tragic concentrations of refugees in the world. They number

214,000, which is approximately two-and-a-quarter times as many as the local population of about 95,000. I believe the percentage of employed refugees, under 3 per cent., is the lowest to be found. They are not a charge on Egypt, their nourishment, sanitation and education being undertaken by U.N.R.W.A., and the various organisations and agencies which co-operate with it. No, Gaza is not a treasure or a potential prize. In Egypt's hands it has some slight military value, certainly a nuisance value, but that is all.

It is perhaps natural that the element of the refugees in the quarrel between Israel and the Arabs should be obscured by those which are political, strategic and commercial. Yet our consciences should never be allowed to forget it altogether. The next annual report of the Director of the Agency is now almost due, and I hope to have the opportunity of writing once more on this subject, which for the last seven years has been near my heart.



ARAB REFUGEES IN THE GAZA STRIP: A GROUP OF CHILDREN IN FRONT OF THE JEBALIA CAMP, AN U.N.R.W.A. PROJECT, OPENED IN FEBRUARY THIS YEAR. WHEN THIS WAS OPENED, THE LAST TENTED REFUGEE CAMP IN THE GAZA STRIP WAS CLOSED.



CELEBRATING "HEALTH AND CLEANLINESS DAY" IN THE BUREIJ ARAB REFUGEE CAMP, IN THE GAZA STRIP.

With the opening of the Jebalia camp in February this year by the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees, the last Arab refugee tents disappeared from the Gaza Strip. There are some 214,000 refugees in this area, and in U.N.R.W.A. camps refugees receive a monthly ration, free medical care, education and other social services. At regular intervals each camp celebrates its "Cleanliness Day" and prizes are distributed, as shown in the photograph. Egyptian officers and welfare workers collaborate in promoting and encouraging the campaign.

Photographs by courtesy of the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees.

The answer must be that they have theoretically and that some real progress has been made, but that it has been found difficult to put precept into practice. The three principal reforms needed were: leadership, including the military education of officers; equipment; and a proper supply system. The last two are, of course, connected, since deficiencies in transport were in great part responsible for the demerits of the supply system.

Attention has assuredly been given to these needs, and already there is evidence of improvement in the first item. The officers have had a shake-up since the war and have profited by it. But the British arms embargo was lifted only in the spring, and we had made no delivery since 1951. There is, then, both a shortage and—what is almost as bad—a diversity in the equipment of the Army, but efforts are being made to put this right. To sum up, the Army would probably be more efficient in the defence of

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL IN HASTINGS.



ROUND FOR THE WHITE ROCK PAVILION: THE CEREMONIAL PROCESSION MAKING ITS WAY ALONG THE PROMENADE AT HASTINGS, CHEERED BY HOLIDAYMAKERS.



AT A MEETING OF THE ANCIENT COURTS OF BROTHERHOOD AND GUESTLING: SIR WINSTON MAKING A SPEECH OF THANKS AFTER BEING PRESENTED WITH HIS PORTRAIT.



"WINKLE UP!": SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AND FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY WAVING THEIR CLUB EMBLEMS ALOFT WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF THE WINKLE CLUB.

On September 7 Sir Winston Churchill, the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, visited Hastings. At the White Rock Pavilion Sir Winston took the place of honour at a meeting of the ancient Courts of Brotherhood and Guestling of the Confederation of Cinque Ports, and he was presented with a portrait of himself in oils by Mr. Bernard Hailstone. It shows him in the full uniform of Lord Warden, standing against a pillar, with the white cliffs of Dover low in the background. Sir Winston gave directions to the Courts that his portrait should join those of other Lord Wardens now hanging in the Maison Dieu hall at Dover. In an after-luncheon speech Lord Montgomery put into words what the Cinque Ports feel about their Lord Warden. In the course of his speech of thanks Sir Winston referred to the wartime controversy over the decision which prevented Field Marshal Lord Montgomery from entering Berlin before the Russians. In the afternoon the Lord Warden went to the Old Town, where he was admitted a member of the Winkle Club—a charity run by lifeboatmen and fishermen.

THE PRIME MINISTER WITH THE ARMY.

On September 7 Sir Anthony Eden travelled by helicopter from Chequers to Colchester to see the Army at work. It was the first of a series of fact-finding visits to the three Services which the Prime Minister is undertaking. Sir Anthony toured workshops and watched demonstrations in the field by infantry and artillery units of the 3rd Division. He visited the divisional signal regiment, and looked critically at the barrack accommodation, not all of which met with his approval. After luncheon in the officers' mess, Sir Anthony Eden visited the 1st Battalion, The Royal Norfolk Regiment, at Roman Way Camp and watched platoon and company training. He saw the end of the sergeants' mess annual shoot and presented prizes, and he handed a 6-ft. wooden spoon to Band Sergeant F. George, "the worst shot of the meeting." After tea with Major-General J. B. Churcher, who commands the 3rd Division, the Prime Minister left by helicopter.



WATCHED BY THE PRIME MINISTER: A GUN DETACHMENT OF THE 1ST BN., THE ROYAL NORFOLK REGIMENT WITHDRAWING THEIR 120-MM. ANTI-TANK GUN AFTER FIRING.



AT COLCHESTER: SIR ANTHONY EDEN EMERGING FROM A CAMOUFLAGED SIGNALS DIVISIONAL COMMAND POST DURING HIS DAY WITH THE TROOPS.



AFTER THE SERGEANTS' MESS ANNUAL SHOOT: SIR ANTHONY EDEN PRESENTING THE 6-Ft.-LONG WOODEN SPOON TO BAND SERGEANT F. GEORGE, OF SOUTHEND, FOR BEING "THE WORST SHOT OF THE MEETING."

A CITY TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD WHEN ALEXANDER THE GREAT ENTERED IT:

GORDION—REVEALED IN ITS PHRYGIAN AND PERSIAN PHASES.

By RODNEY S. YOUNG, Ph.D., Field Director of the University of Pennsylvania Museum's expedition.

In our issue of January 3, 1953, we published an article by Dr. Young on excavations at Yassihoyük, in Central Phrygia, the site of ancient Gordion, dealing mainly with the Hittite and later Phrygian phases of that very long-established city. In the present account of more recent excavations, the accent is on the Phrygian and later Persian phases of the city, leading up to Alexander the Great's entry into the city and his famed "cutting of the Gordian knot."

WHEN the Persians came to Gordion (about 50 miles west of Ankara) in 547 B.C. during the course of the war between Cyrus and Croesus of Lydia, they must have found the fortification wall and the main city gate of the Phrygian capital still standing in fairly good repair. The University Museum expedition, working at Gordion for four months in 1953, not only laid bare a large part of the gate of the Phrygian city, but also extended the area exposed in previous campaigns of the town of Persian times. It had become apparent in various parts of the Persian level that buildings and walls, which elsewhere had settled and sagged, were being held up at certain points by heavy earlier walls which underlay them. This was especially true of the city gate at the south-east side of the mound, of which the inner side stood up solidly, while the outer had settled with the slope at the edge of the *tell*. It was obvious that a solid early wall ran beneath the Persian building to its full length, and it seemed certain that this, extending as it did along the edge of the mound, could only be the fortification wall of the city of pre-Persian times.

In order to expose this earlier city wall, a part of the pavement of the Persian gate was taken up. Immediately beneath the paving slabs lay the top of the wall (Fig. 9), which did not extend across the entire width of the court as expected, but turned back toward the west at an acute angle. At this point there was evidently an opening through the early wall, and it seemed likely that the main city gate of Persian times had an earlier predecessor beneath it.

The clearing of the Phrygian gate involved some destruction to the Persian. Though this seemed justified by clear indications that the earlier building was on a grander scale, better built and much better preserved than the later, it was nevertheless kept to a minimum. In consequence, only the south side of the central opening of the earlier building has been cleared, and of that side only a part to its full depth. Most of the essentials of the plan of the Phrygian building were, however, recovered. It consisted of a central passageway 8'90 metres (29 ft.) in width, running through the building obliquely to the line of the city wall. A large room or court lay to either side of the central gateway. The one at the north followed the oblique orientation of the central opening, while that at the south had the orientation of the city wall. In consequence of these variations in the orientation of its rooms, two of the walls of the Phrygian building are wedge-shaped—that at the east side of the north room and the one between the central opening and

the south room. The central passageway has a total length of about 20'40 metres (about 67 ft.), divided into inner and outer sections by jogs in the walls at either side (Fig. 12). In the inner section of the gateway, however, the width of the jogs was taken up by low ledges beside the cobbled roadway, which thus remained constant in width (Fig. 11). Doubtless these ledges served for spectators at processions passing through in peacetime, and for defenders in time of war, who could attack from both sides any enemy who had penetrated thus far into the gateway. Up to the present, no trace has been found of a cross-wall pierced by doorways which could be closed.

The north room of the building, which has been only partially cleared, must have opened into the city through a doorway in its west side, as did the south room; there seems to have been no direct communication with the central passageway. That it was once used as a storeroom is suggested by rows of round patches of clay in its floor—patches put in after the



FIG. 1. FROM THE GRAVE OF A YOUNG GIRL OF WEALTHY FAMILY IN GORDION, SHORTLY BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT: A GOLD NECKLACE OF BEADS, PENDANTS AND SHIELD-SHAPED PLAQUES.

Although this grave of the fourth century B.C. had been robbed, the small, unstrung elements of this necklace evidently were not noticed by the robbers. The separate pieces are of very fine goldsmith's work in wire filigree and granulation, and the ornament includes rosettes and palmettes.

removal of large earthenware storage jars. The stone walls of the room still stand to a height of 5 metres, in places covered by the original coat of clay stucco (Fig. 14). At one time the room was divided into three by cross-walls of crude brick. A jug of polished black Phrygian ware, found lying on the floor, must date from the eighth or seventh century B.C.; it is an undeveloped example of a shape familiar at Gordion in the sixth (Fig. 7).

The south court of the building, largely occupied by the well-preserved south wall of the Persian building, has not been cleared, though its walls have been exposed at all four sides. It was a large, rectangular area measuring 19 by 11'90 metres (62 ft. 4 ins. by 39 ft.) inside, probably a court open to the sky rather than a room. At the middle of the west side lay a wide doorway opening inward to the city.

The Phrygian gate building, 60 metres (196 ft. 10 ins.) in length by nearly 20 metres (65 ft. 7 ins.) in width, surpasses the Persian in both dimensions. It was built, moreover, of dressed stone throughout. The blocks, roughly squared and finished with the chisel on their exposed faces, were laid in irregularly horizontal courses, the loosely-fitted joints often chinked with small stone, and the whole covered with a coat of clay stucco. The walls were made in their outer face with a sharp batter or slope (Fig. 10); the reveals

of the passageway more nearly vertical, but still slightly sloped; and the interior faces, as in the north room, vertical. In the batter of the wall faces and the style of their masonry, these walls most closely resemble the fortifications of the sixth city at Troy, which are at least 500 years earlier; but both may represent a common Anatolian tradition of building.

The walls of the Phrygian gate are remarkably well preserved. Those of the north room still stand to a height of 5 metres (16 ft.) above its floor. In the central passageway the south wall at the corner of its jog towers to a height of nearly 8 metres (26 ft. 3 ins.) above the pavement of the road; and since the road slopes downward from the city, the height must be even greater at the entrance. There is reason to believe that when the Persians came, these walls were standing to even greater height. Probably because they thought that this strategic site could be more easily defended if the *tell* were higher, the Persians covered the surface of the entire mound with a layer of clay 2'50 to 4 metres (8 ft. 2½ ins. to 13 ft. 1½ ins.) thick, before building their own city. The raising of the general level involved the filling-in of the Phrygian gate to the height set by the Persians as the level for their own building. Stone rubble was used, to give a firm foundation (Fig. 13); but scattered through the rubble were blocks from the Phrygian building in such numbers that the operation must have included a cutting-down of walls to the level required as well as a filling-in of open spaces. Among the blocks re-used by the Persians in the foundation of their building is one which bears, scratched on its lower face, a design of three concentric squares connected by a cross-line at the middle of each side (Fig. 8). This design, often seen in Anatolia to-day, is used for the playing of a game called *dokuz taş*, or nine men's morris. Doubtless two of the workmen engaged in building the Persian gate whiled away their lunch-hour by playing this game on one of the blocks taken from the Phrygian gate for re-use in the Persian, scratching their "gaming board" on its face before it was set in its new place. Thus the game of nine men's morris can be traced back to the sixth century B.C. in Anatolia.

Another stone of considerable interest, perhaps also dating from Persian times (though it may be older), was found built into the wall of a late drain. It bears on its upper face the outlines of two feet in pointed shoes and, winding around and between them, an inscription in the Phrygian alphabet (Fig. 3).

The thick layer of clay and rubble divides the Persian city from the earlier settlements beneath. Two new buildings on top of the clay layer, and therefore of Persian date, were investigated in 1953. One of these, which lay just to the north of the Persian gate, was a small enclosure with a hearth or fireplace at its centre. During the 200 years of its existence the small building was twice rebuilt, and the hearth three times renewed. The foundations of the second phase are typical of construction at Gordion: on a bedding of rubble were laid series of wooden logs parallel to each other and closely spaced, but at a right angle to the direction of the walls; these logs served as foundation for the masonry of the walls proper (Fig. 5). No doubt the purpose of this sort of foundation was to spread the weight of the walls and so to prevent settling. In its latest phase the hearth was enclosed in a heavy stone curbing (Fig. 6). On the fireplace and scattered around it at all phases was found a thick deposit of ashes. The prominence of the site just within the main city gate allotted to this little building, its persistence through several rebuildings, and the monumentality of its central feature, the

[Continued opposite.]

THE NINE MEN'S MORRIS
OF 2500 YEARS AGO:
PHRYGIAN AND PERSIAN GORDION.



FIG. 2. FROM A SMALL FIRE-CULT SHRINE: AN IVORY STAMP SEAL IN THE FORM OF AN OWL (DAMAGED). THE SEAL BEARS SIX ANIMAL FIGURES.



FIG. 3. PERSIAN (OR EARLIER) IN DATE AND BUILT INTO A LATER DRAIN: A STONE INSCRIBED IN PHRYGIAN AROUND THE OUTLINES OF TWO FEET.



FIG. 4. THE HEAD OF A BOY ATHLETE—FROM A SHATTERED WALL PAINTING OF ABOUT 500 B.C., SHOWING STRONG EAST GREEK INFLUENCE.

Continued.

hearth, together suggest that it was a shrine in which was centred a fire cult. In this connection one thinks of Strabo's description of the Magi worshipping for an hour each day an ever-burning fire on an altar within an enclosure. A small ivory stamp-seal in the form of an owl, found in the floor of the second shrine, may have been a votive in the sanctuary (Fig. 2). The seal on the bottom shows six animal figures. The owl, which dates from the latter part of the sixth century, was probably discarded because of damage to its face. The other building of Persian times, which lay to the west of the gate, may also have been a shrine or temple. It was larger

[Continued below, right.]



FIG. 5. SHOWING A TYPICAL METHOD OF WALL CONSTRUCTION IN GORDION. LOGS OF WOOD WERE PLACED ON A RUBBLE BEDDING, SIDE BY SIDE, AND AT RIGHT-ANGLES TO THE LINE OF THE WALL, AS A WEIGHT-SPREADING FOUNDATION.



FIG. 6. EVIDENTLY THE CENTRE OF A FIRE-CULT: THE HEARTH, ABOUT 6 FT. SQUARE, ENCLOSED WITH A HEAVY STONE CURB, IN ITS LAST PHASE.

Continued.

and more carefully built than the hearth-building. In plan it consisted of inner and outer room, or *cella* and *pronaos*, oriented toward the north-east, and with a circular hearth near the centre of the inner room. This structure also underwent alterations and rebuildings, but no evidence was found that could help to identify the cult which it housed. More interesting is a building which lay immediately to the west, and which we called the annex. It has been only partially excavated. Over its floor lies a mass of plaster fallen from the walls, which were painted. The tedious business of taking up the thousands of broken

[Continued overleaf, top, centre.]



FIG. 7. FOUND IN A STOREROOM NEAR THE GATE-HOUSE OF GORDION: A JUG OF POLISHED BLACK PHRYGIAN WARE, OF THE EIGHTH OR SEVENTH CENTURY B.C.



FIG. 8. A "GAMING BOARD" SCRATCHED ON A STONE BY PERSIAN WORKMEN IN THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C., WHICH TAKES THE GAME OF NINE MEN'S MORRIS BACK 2500 YEARS.

LINKING GORDION WITH THE SIXTH CITY OF TROY: THE IMPRESSIVE GATEWAY OF THE PHRYGIAN CITY.



(ABOVE.)
FIG. 9. THE CORNER OF THE PHRYGIAN GATEWAY REVEALED UNDER THE LATER PERSIAN BUILDING. SEE FIG. 10 FOR A LATER UNCOVERING.

Continued. fragments, recording the finding-place of each, cleaning and fitting together, yielded several hundred painted pieces. One of these (Fig. 4) shows the head and shoulders of a boy, evidently engaged in some sort of violent motion. Fragments of other boys similarly engaged, and of a man playing on the double flute, suggest a gymnasium scene, in which the boys are doing various exercises to the music of the master. In style these wall-paintings show a strong East Greek influence. They are to be dated around 500 B.C. Perhaps future excavation will produce bigger pieces from which the subjects portrayed can be more certainly identified, and the influences on subject as well as

[Continued below.]



FIG. 10. AFTER FURTHER DIGGING ON THE SITE OF FIG. 9, THE FINE MASONRY OF THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE PHRYGIAN GATEWAY WAS REVEALED INTACT.



FIG. 11. INSIDE THE PHRYGIAN GATEWAY. THE LOW LEDGE, BEHIND THE JAG, PERHAPS SERVED FOR SPECTATORS IN PEACE OR FOR DEFENDERS IN TIME OF WAR.



FIG. 12. LOOKING INTO THE PASSAGE OF THE PHRYGIAN GATEWAY AT GORDION. THE MASONRY RESEMBLES THAT OF THE SIXTH CITY OF TROY AND MAY REPRESENT AN ANATOLIAN TRADITION.

Continued. on style can be better gauged. Only one grave tumulus was examined in 1953. The tomb itself had been discovered and robbed by shepherds, but enough remained to allow of a reconstruction of the tomb and of the wooden coffin it had contained. The grave had been that of a young girl, evidently of a wealthy family, who had been buried wearing her personal jewellery. The small pieces of a gold necklace, which had become unstrung, had escaped the notice of the tomb-robbers; they were recovered by sifting all the earth from the grave. The necklace (Fig. 1) was composed of pendants, beads and shield-shaped plaques decorated with rosettes and palmettes of the finest goldsmith's work in applied wire filigree and granulation. It is to be dated most probably in the fourth century B.C.—a dating of great interest for Gordion, because no tumulus hitherto dug there has been later than the sixth century. Evidently the practice of heaping mounds over the graves was continued at Gordion for two centuries longer than we had believed; and evidently also the prosperity of the city continued until Alexander the Great brought an end to the



FIG. 13. CLEARING THE PHRYGIAN GATEWAY. THE UPPER WALLS ARE PERSIAN; AND THE RUBBLE FILLING THE PASSAGE WAS THROWN IN BY THE PERSIANS.

Persian Empire.



FIG. 14. THE NORTH ROOM OF THE PHRYGIAN GATE, WITH WALLS 16 1/2 FT. (5 METRES) HIGH.



ASSEMBLED IN A SOUTHPORT CINEMA TO REPRESENT THE WISHES OF MILLIONS OF WORKERS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EIGHTY-SEVENTH TRADES UNION CONGRESS IN SESSION.



ATTACKING A MOTION PROPOSED BY THE GENERAL COUNCIL OF THE T.U.C.: MR. F. FOULKES, PRESIDENT OF THE ELECTRICAL TRADES UNION.



RECEIVING THE T.U.C. GOLD MEDAL FROM MR. C. J. GEDDES, PRESIDENT OF THE CONGRESS: MRS. EMILY ROSS, THE FIRST WOMAN FRATERNAL DELEGATE FROM CANADA.



PUTTING AN AMENDMENT TO ENABLE THE T.U.C. TO INTERVENE AT AN EARLY STAGE IN INDUSTRIAL DISPUTES: SIR VINCENT TEWSON.

REPRESENTING MILLIONS OF ORGANISED WORKERS: THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS AT SOUTHPORT.

The eighty-seventh Trades Union Congress opened at Southport on September 5, and members of the General Council and delegates alike were at once presented with a controversial address from their president, Mr. C. J. Geddes, General Secretary of the Union of Post Office Workers. Without prior consultation with the General Council, he proposed a national trade union economic policy based upon a survey of the post-war years, and the setting-up of an arbitration appeal tribunal, whereby both sides engaged in a wages dispute could seek a second opinion. On the following day Sir Vincent Tewson, General Secretary of the

T.U.C., introduced a motion to amend the rules of the Congress to allow the General Council to intervene in industrial disputes before deadlock is reached. This proposal was vigorously attacked by Mr. F. Foulkes, Communist president of the Electrical Trades Union, who protested that such an amendment would lead to negotiations between the T.U.C. and the employers, and if the aggrieved union did not like the settlement reached it would be at a disadvantage. The amendment was approved. Among the fraternal delegates was Mrs. Emily Ross, from Canada, who was presented with a T.U.C. gold medal.

LONDON FROM THE AIR: THE UNUSUAL FIRST VIEW OF THE CAPITAL'S CENTRE WHICH HELICOPTER PASSENGERS BOUND FOR THE SOUTH BANK MAY SEE.



LOOKING SOUTHERNS FROM WESTMINSTER: WESTMINSTER BRIDGE IS ON THE EXTREME LEFT, WITH BIG BEN MARKING ITS NORTHERN END. TO THE RIGHT OF BIG BEN ARE THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AND MILLBANK. IN THE MIDDLE IS PARLIAMENT SQUARE AND, TO THE RIGHT, WESTMINSTER ABBEY. [Aerofotos Ltd.]



ABSORBING THE CENTURIES: THE TOWER OF LONDON, WITH THE WHITE TOWER IN THE CENTRE. BEHIND THE OUTER WALLS TO THE LEFT IS THE CIRCLE DEDICATED TO THE MERCANTILE MARINE, AND BEYOND IS THE BUILDING OF THE NEW LONDON AUTHORITY. TOWER BRIDGE IS IN THE FOREGROUND. [Aerofotos Ltd.]



ST. PAUL'S AND THE CITY'S CENTRE: BLACKFRIARS STATION IS IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND. SOME BOMBED SITES REMAIN, BUT MANY HAVE BEEN COVERED BY NEW COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS, AND ACRES OF SCAFFOLDING MARK THE SCENES OF FRESH BUILDING PROJECTS. WHETHER THEY WILL ADD TO THE CITY'S BEAUTY OR DETRACT FROM IT IS A MATTER STILL ARROGING INTENSE DISCUSSION. [Aerofotos Ltd.]

London has many aspects, most of them more or less abridged by the sheer density of brick and stone. The visitor from overseas will not see far from Waterloo or Victoria or Euston or any other railway terminus to which the boat-train may convey him, and only the most indefatigable researches will show him enough of the town's lineaments to provide him with a composite picture. The Londoner

himself is in a similar predicament. Not only has he never seen the entire wood; he does not even know many of the trees. In one respect, at least, the passengers in the Westland Sikorsky helicopter that flies from London Airport to South Bank have an unrivalled advantage; they see the entire wood. And what a plantation of steel and cement it is, the husbandry of centuries, spreading inexorably over the

fields of the Home Counties until it is hard to determine where London ends and the country begins. From the helicopter, even some of the traditional trees are evident, and not only the splendid effulgence of St. Paul's Cathedral. In the photographs reproduced on this page, London from Westminster to the Tower is displayed so clearly that the reader will have no difficulty in identifying Big Ben,

swathed in its newest scaffolding; the Houses of Parliament, St. Thomas's Hospital, stretched along the south bank of the river; Westminster Abbey, the new commercial buildings rising from the City gaps left by the war; Tower Bridge and the grey Tower itself, a sure reminder, if one were needed, of London's powers of absorbing the centuries, adding them as further gifts to its impressive store.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

A ZINNIA SUMMER.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

garden thirst. A few years ago someone told me that it was a good plan when preparing a celery trench for planting to cut great store of stinging

LAST summer was a grand one for lettuces, and ducks, for the makers and vendors of mackintoshes, and for the fur-coat trade. But for zinnias it was a flop. Every spring I buy a box or a couple of boxes of zinnia plants, giant mixed, and mass them in a border along the west side of my house, there to hobnob with a few other gaudy sun-lovers. Much of my gardening is, I know, rather more than somewhat haphazard. But the zinnias have become an annual fixture, an imperative ritual on no account to be omitted, though they are, of course, one of the greatest gambles in all gardening. Last summer, as I say, they were a flop—metaphorically and literally a flop. They grew grudgingly, flowered in a shame-faced sort of way, and then, one by one, their knees were as water, or if it wasn't their knees it was their middles or their necks. They sagged and slumped, heeled over, and flopped like a lot of mouldy drunks. The only thing was to pull them out and fill in with whatever stop-gap remnants of bedding plants I could find.

This summer the zinnias are superb. Great, strapping stalwarts, 3 ft. tall and more, and branching so freely and flowering so profusely that it has been possible to cut them for the house—in moderation—without fear of spoiling the barbaric pageant.

Gardening is like the proverbial fair. What you lose on the swings you make up on the roundabouts. In such a glorious summer as this, what one gains on the zinnias one loses on the lettuces and half the other things in the garden. As my Nanna used to say, with an air of profound wisdom and originality, "Oh, well, if it isn't one thing it's something else."

This glorious zinnia summer it certainly is "something else" in much of the rest of the garden. Lawns and kitchen garden have assumed a mid-Sahara appearance. Brown desert, strewn with skeletons. Promising kales, cabbages and other "green stuff" became skeletonised by a plague of cabbage-white caterpillars before I realised what they were up to. However, I did a little Borgia work with derris and D.D.T. before the plants had been gnawed beyond recovery.

The sweet corn seems to be enjoying the heat and drought, although the plantation has not received a drop of water from can or hose. This year I have tried a variety called "Seneca 60." It is an American hybrid, new to this country, having been imported and tested last year by Miss Kathleen Hunter, of Callestick, Truro, from whom I got my seed. It is a dwarfish variety, growing only about 4 ft. high, and so maturing early. The flavour and sweetness are exceptionally good, and I shall certainly grow it again next year.

As the corn-on-the-cob season is now in full swing, let me broadcast once again a point which surprisingly few folk in this country seem to appreciate—that the cobs should be boiled for eight or ten minutes—not a minute more than ten. More than once I have met housewives who were distressed because, even after boiling the cobs for an hour or more, the central cores are still hard. One might as well boil a leg of mutton hoping and expecting that the bone would become soft. It is, of course, only the half-ripe grains that require cooking, and ten minutes is ample for them.

In spite of the prolonged drought, the celery plants look surprisingly prosperous in their trench. So far they have received no helpful watering, and as long as they continue to flourish I shall not indulge them with a single can. For one thing they are tediously far from the nearest dipping tank. It must, I think, be the stinging-nettle technique which has enabled them to grow with such lush vigour amid so much general

nettles and lay them fresh and green to form a 5- or 6-in. bed covering the bottom of the trench. Then cover them with a 6-in. layer of soil—and plant. The nettles soon rot down into a mush of vegetable compost which acts as a sponge to retain moisture, and into this the celery plants soon root. That, at any rate, is the idea behind the nettle technique, and certainly results seem to have justified the rough theory, both this year and in several past seasons.

Next summer, I shall try the experiment—if I remember—of sowing my scarlet runners over a buried bed of green nettles, in order to provide them with the moisture at the root that they demand or show their displeasure as few other vegetables can. A good mulch of lawn-mowings helps, of course, if put on in time, but it seems likely that buried nettle-mush might be even better for preventing that pathetic wilted look that runners are so ready to show during drought, and even worse—that persistent dropping of buds and flowers. Perhaps, however, it would be wiser and safer to experiment for the first year with half rather than the whole row. An excess of moisture and nourishment at the root might cause the beans to run to a mass of luxuriant leafage at the expense of blossom and beans. Or it might cause the plants to go romping off heavenward, with no visible means of support.

This year, in addition to normal green-podded scarlet runners, I have experimented with a few of the Blue Coco beans. We had our first dish of them to-day, and very good they were; a pleasant change from normal green runners. They grow by the same methods and to the same height as scarlet runners, but leaves and stems are tinged with beetroot-red, the flowers are purplish instead of scarlet, and the pods are deep blue-purple, an almost lurid tone, with a slight suggestion of bloom upon their smooth surface.

They have a most striking appearance as they hang in clusters. Snapped in half, the flesh is seen to be green within, and they are surprisingly free from stringy fibre, even when quite large.

Miss Kathleen Hunter, from whom I obtained the seeds, and who specialises in all sorts of interesting and uncommon vegetable seeds, says in her catalogue, "top-and-tail and cook whole," and that, I maintain, is how all runner beans should be cooked—either whole if you are sure from their youthful looks that they will prove stringless, or, if you are in any doubt, snapped in half. If when snapped they show string, then away with the beastly things to the compost heap, and away for a further gathering of beans which are young enough to be stringless and so fit for human consumption. And I suggest that whilst you are about it you go over the row and gather all the big, portly pods which are obviously reinforced with string and plastic. Gather the lot. Go up and down the row several times and on both sides. Don't miss one. At that stage they merely rob the plants at the expense of oncoming younger beans. Having gathered the last one,

carry the lot to the compost heap, or to some neighbour who keeps pigs. If you have never tried runners so young as to be stringless, and boiled whole, or at most snapped in half, you have missed one of the very best of all vegetables.

Try them as a side dish, with just salt, pepper and plenty of butter. Cooked in this way, and served cold with a good deal of salt and plenty of olive oil, they make an excellent *hors-d'oeuvre*, not unlike softer, more delicate, more meaty and stoneless olives. Not unlike, but not as good, of course, as the best big olives. The Blue Coco beans, by the by, in spite of their very striking colour when gathered, become green when cooked.



"THIS SUMMER THE ZINNIAS ARE SUPERB," GROWING STRONGLY, PROFUSELY AND PRESENTING A BARBARIC PAGEANT: A GROUP OF GIANT-FLOWERED ZINNIAS.



A RECENT DEVELOPMENT IN ZINNIAS: THE BURPEE HYBRIDS, IN WHICH THE INDIVIDUAL RAY FLORETS ARE QUILLED SOMEWHAT AFTER THE FASHION OF A CACTUS DAHLIA.

Photographs by J. E. Downward.

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THE ROYAL CHILDREN'S FIRST VISIT TO THE BRAEMAR GATHERING: A STIRRING OCCASION.



AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING: THE DRUMMERS OF THE MASSED PIPE BANDS MARCHING PAST THE ROYAL FAMILY IN THE PAVILION, WHICH WAS DECORATED WITH FIR BRANCHES, HEATHER AND ROWAN BERRIES.

THE Braemar Gathering has an association of 107 years with the Royal family; and its celebration this year on September 8 was marked by the first visit to be paid to it by the Duke of Cornwall. Both he and Princess Anne accompanied the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to a notable Gathering, attended by some 30,000 visitors, many of them from many overseas countries. The Royal party also included Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. Massed pipe bands, with over 200 pipers and drummers, lined the entrance avenue to the arena as the Royal party arrived; and preceded the Royal cars again when they left for Balmoral. The Royal party stayed for about two hours and watched Highland dancing, heavyweight athletic events and racing. It was noticed that the Royal children were particularly interested in the wrestling and in tossing the caber, and were asking their parents innumerable questions as this fascinating and unaccustomed pageant unfolded before them. An event of especial interest to the Royal party was the tug-of-war which was contested by a team from the Gordon Highlanders and one drawn from the 1st Bn., The Black Watch, who provide the Queen's Guard at Balmoral this year. The Black Watch put up a gallant fight, but were defeated in the final.



(RIGHT.)

WITH THEIR HANDS CROSSED BEHIND THEM IN IMITATION OF THEIR FATHER'S POSTURE: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE, BOTH WEARING THE KILT, AT THEIR FIRST VISIT TO THE BRAEMAR GATHERING, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



ONE OF THE MOST TYPICAL FEATURES OF A HIGHLAND GATHERING: MR. H. A. GRAY, THE WINNER OF THE EVENT, ADVANCING TO TOSS THE CABER.



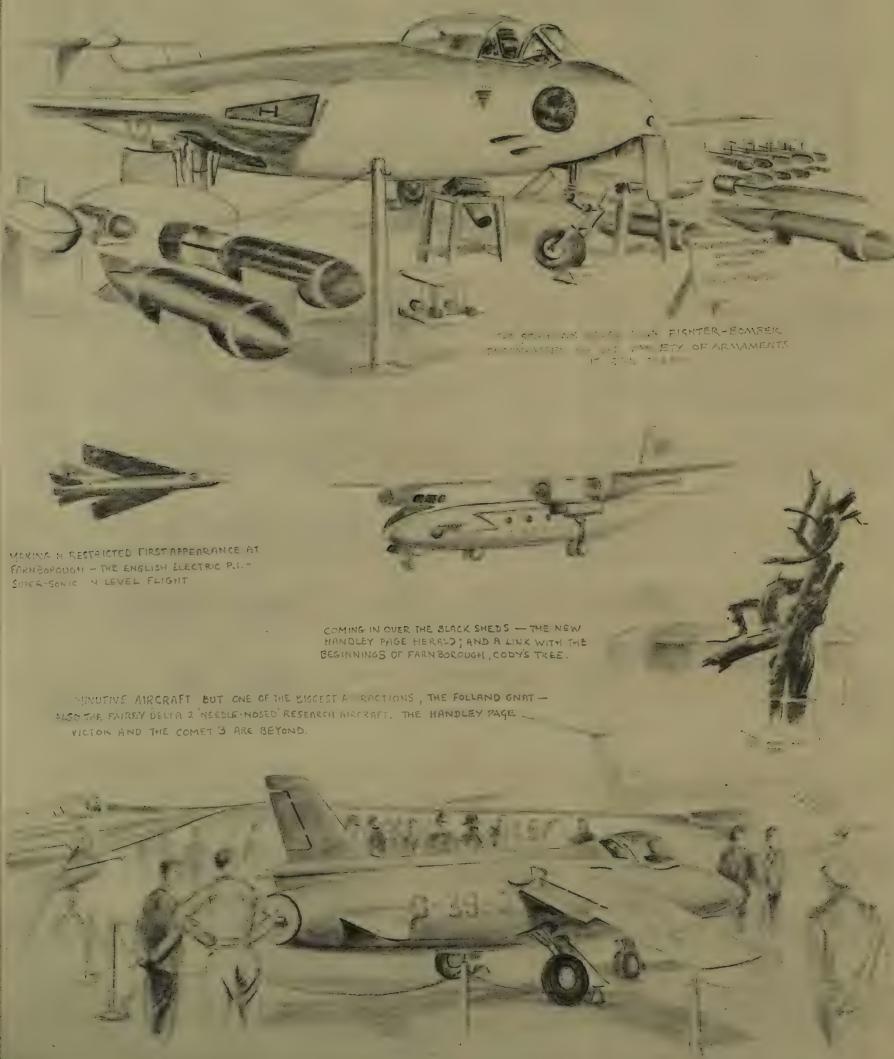
A FINE, VIGOROUS MOMENT IN THE WRESTLING—AN EVENT WHICH, IT WAS NOTICED, THE ROYAL CHILDREN PARTICULARLY ENJOYED AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING.



THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE SMILING AT THE SALUTE OF THE CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM OF THE 4/7TH GORDON HIGHLANDERS (T.A.), WHICH WON THE TUG-OF-WAR SHIELD AT BRAEMAR.



PUTTING THE HEAVY STONE OF 28 LB.: MR. EWAN CAMERON, OF LOCHEARNSHEAD, WHO WAS THE WINNER OF THIS EVENT AT BRAEMAR.



The Society of British Aircraft Constructors' air display at Farnborough came to an end on September 11, the last of the three days upon which had been opened to the public. To many of the thousands of spectators who watched the display, it must have seemed like a gigantic circus, with acts ranging from the spectacular and the thrilling to the broadly comic. Outstanding was the demonstration of electronic flying by four R.A.F. Hawker Hunter jet fighters, the *haute école* of the air, an exacting judge performing tests for the public, then with Squadron Leader Zurakowski's remarkable convolutions with the Avro Canadian

C.F.100 fighter, culminating in a breath-taking backward slide after cutting his engine, the zenith of aerobatic skill and the spine that followed, an aircraft apparently out of control until the engine was cut in line and the spin developed into a roll and the C.F.100 straightened out under the control of a master pilot. Then the clowns of the show, the helicopters, revealing a pleasing incongruity of attitude that could not disguise the fact that these versatile machines are becoming faster, more reliable and better looking every year. The caterpillar-like Bristol 173 and the Westland Whirlow 'took the eye at once,'

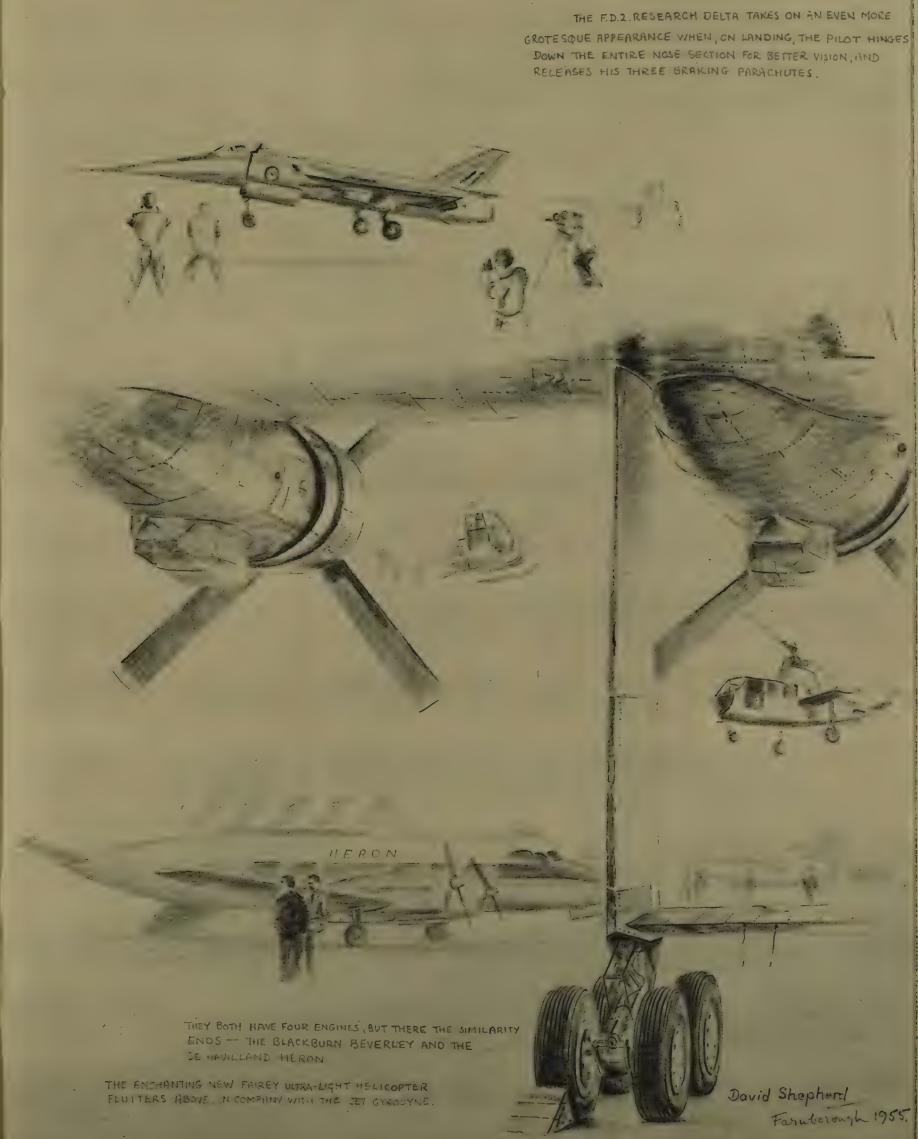
SPICILY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED

AND REMEMBERED BY THE ONLOOKER DURING THE GREATEST AIR SHOW ON EARTH.

and the Fairey Jet Gyrodyne, with its stub wings, and the Fairey Ultra-Light helicopter, a spindly-legged contraption also memorable. The Olympus Canopus was a trapdoor act, whoared out of sight, but reappeared, and the Vickers Viscount 700, the Bristol Britannia Mk. 100 and the de Havilland Comet 3. One watched with silent apprehension the performance of the three big wild creatures, the Handley Page Victor, the Vickers Valiant and the Avro Vulcan, the small, eccentrically-shaped Fairey Delta 2, flinging out a cluster of parapentes to offset the speed of its tail-sitting, and the smaller Folland Gnat that is all sinew and

sinew not a superfluous ounce in its anatomy. Among the side-shows, so to speak, it was easy to spot the Hawker Sea Hawk, a Royal Navy fighter-bomber and the Super G Armstrong Whitworth Albatross, and the big Blackburn Beverley R.A.F. freighter, designed for carrying heavy Army equipment and able to absorb nearly twenty tons through the great maw of its rear loading doors. And there was much else to see and to admire: for it is a paradox of Farnborough that although most of it concerned with another dimension, it is still the Greatest Air Show on Earth.

David Shepherd
Farnborough 1955





A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. FOUR ENGLISH CHAIRS.

By FRANK DAVIS.



"WAS really fine English furniture ever painted?" asks a reader. "I've always understood that only second-rate things were treated in this way, in order to conceal inferior wood." I'm not quite sure the question can be answered by a simple yes or no, and I suggest that the statement which follows it is too downright to be wholly accurate. Perhaps I may be allowed to write round the four illustrations on this page in an attempt to provide a coherent reply.

I would say, to begin with, that each of these four chairs is a very fine thing of its kind. One of them is obviously painted, another is painted, but you cannot detect this in the photograph, a third is of carved mahogany unpainted, the fourth has a painted shield of arms on the back. This last (Fig. 4) is not quite all it seems, because the painted shield and the carved inscription above ("Johnathan 1625 Midgley") are nineteenth-century additions. The explanation is that this chair was once the property of a Leeds family, and a nineteenth-century Midgley thought it would be a good idea to commemorate an ancestor by carving his name and date on it and painting in the shield. Collectors prefer their possessions to be untouched and in their original state and regard such alterations as vandalism—and so say all of us; but however much we may deplore such goings-on, for my part I cannot withhold a certain sneaking sympathy with the owner whose pride of ancestry led him so grievously astray. It obviously never occurred to him that the chair which had been in his family for so many years would one day end up in the Victoria.

and Albert Museum and there be exposed to the high-falutin criticism of strangers like myself; the owner's ghost is probably fulminating against my impertinence in questioning his right to do what he wanted with his own. Anyway, forget the unfortunate additions, and you have a monumental carved oak chair of about the year 1600, worthy of the head of any household; such things are extremely heavy, were obviously not made for comfort, but for dignity, and would be reserved for the master, the other members of the family being content with benches or much less elaborate chairs.

The evolution of the chair from this uncompromisingly severe type is one of a steady progression towards comfort and elegance. Fig. 2, for example, from the early years of the eighteenth century, owes very little to the worker in wood, but nearly everything to the upholsterer (or "upholder," as he was more generally known); and an uncommonly nice job he has made of it, particularly as he has covered his

work with a fine piece of Soho tapestry. But my special reason for including it here is because the chair is made of painted beech, neither mahogany nor walnut, and no special pains have been taken over the legs, which have no elaborate carving, nor are they curved. We can, then, argue reasonably enough in this case that the chair has been made of beech

Kent in a previous generation—but their activities were of a wider range and influenced small houses as well as great. They indubitably set their seal upon the taste of a whole generation, setting a standard for everything, from the building itself down to the fender and the fire-irons.

Some people consider the Adam style frigid and anaemic, its liking for plaster medallions in low relief timid, and some of its experiments *outré*—for example, the Etruscan room at Osterley Park. But, taken as a whole, how splendid are its proportions, how gracious the curves of its alcoves, how light and unencumbered by fussy excrescences its rooms—and, coming down to minute detail, how pleasant the use of characteristic classical patterns in such a typical example as this chair, which is well worth careful examination. For example, there are the neat little *paterae*—the small, raised circular ornaments at the corners of the seat-frame and the two at the shoulders of the pierced back, and—far more obvious—the pierced lyre-shaped splat. But there is a good deal more in the design than just one or two classical motifs; there is the slight bend outwards, for example, of the two outside back rails to the shoulders. Imagine how a straight line here would destroy the chair's balance. Add to this flowing line beautifully crisp carving and com-

FIG. 2. DATING FROM THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A CHAIR OF TURNED AND PAINTED BEECH UPHOLSTERED IN SOHO TAPESTRY.

Given by Mr. F. W. Green to the Victoria and Albert Museum.

and painted in order to cut costs; in spite of this, I should be inclined to class it as a "fine" production in the sense used in the query with which I began.

You may disagree with this opinion; you will, I am pretty sure, not disagree with the opinion that for real dis-

tinction the carved mahogany chair of Fig. 3 is in a class by itself, both for the fineness of its carved ornament and its easy, flowing line. This is not perhaps surprising, as the chair—one of a set at Osterley Park—was designed by Robert Adam himself when he not only built the house but designed its remarkable contents. The original drawing for it is in the Soane Museum, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The actual maker is apparently not known, and perhaps I should point out here that Robert Adam did not make furniture. When we speak of an Adam chair we mean one made to his design, or in the style we associate with him, and his influence from about 1758 onwards, when he returned from his

compare it with the niggling, laborious work so often seen in less-distinguished pieces—poor relations, as it were—and you soon realise that Robert Adam not only knew his job as a designer but could command the services of magnificent craftsmen. In this respect he was especially fortunate. If this can be dated about 1775, fifteen years later the fashion was changing as fashion will always change.

Fig. 1 is in satinwood, much in favour by the end of the century, a fine wood in its own right, but in this instance, as in many others, made gay by painting—not painted all over, but sparingly decorated with flowers and peacock feathers; they show well enough in the photograph. Apart from the style, this chair can be dated with accuracy to about 1790, because in that year a Mr. Tupper, of Guernsey, ordered a whole set of eighteen from the well-known firm of Geo. Seddon Sons and Shackleton, of identical design. I remember seeing this set years ago—at the galleries of M. Harris and Sons. The original bill for these and other items has been preserved: I quote from it in order to make your mouth water.

18 Satinwood Elbow Chairs round fronts and hollow can'd seats neatly Japann'd ornamented with roses in back and peacock feather border @ 73/6 £66.3.0.

18 Border'd Canvas Cushions to do @ 7/6 £6.15.0.

Not, I think, a case in which we can suggest that



FIG. 1. DATING FROM C. 1790: A SATINWOOD CHAIR PAINTED IN COLOURS AND WITH A CANED SEAT. IT CORRESPONDS EXACTLY WITH A SET SUPPLIED BY SEDDON SONS AND SHACKLETON TO D. TUPPER, OF GUERNSEY, IN 1790. THE SET, TOGETHER WITH THE ORIGINAL BILLS TO MR. TUPPER, WAS BOUGHT BY M. HARRIS AND SONS IN THE 1930'S.

Given by Mrs. Simon Green to the Victoria and Albert Museum



FIG. 2. DATING FROM THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A CHAIR OF TURNED AND PAINTED BEECH UPHOLSTERED IN SOHO TAPESTRY.

Given by Mr. F. W. Green to the Victoria and Albert Museum.



FIG. 3. DATING FROM C. 1775: A CARVED MAHOGANY CHAIR WITH LYRE-SHAPED SPLAT. IT IS ONE OF A SET, DESIGNED BY ROBERT ADAM, FOR A ROOM AT OSTERLEY PARK. THE ORIGINAL DRAWING FOR IT IS IN THE SOANE MUSEUM.

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FIG. 4. DATING FROM ABOUT 1600: A CARVED AND PAINTED OAK CHAIR WHICH ONCE BELONGED TO THE MIDGLEY FAMILY OF LEEDS. THE INSCRIPTION "JOHNATHAN 1625 MIDGLEY" AND THE SHIELD OF ARMS WERE ADDED IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Given by Mr. T. Mackenzie Fowler to the Victoria and Albert Museum.

travels in Italy and Dalmatia, was enormous. He and his brother James, both as architects and interior decorators, imposed their will upon polite society to a degree unknown before, unless we can compare with theirs the work of William

painting was used to conceal inferior wood; the intention was rather the contrary—to emphasize the colour of the satinwood by judicious painting—or, if you prefer it, to use a fine wood as a background to pretty painting.

GIFTS TO AID GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL—FROM A SALE OF 1000 TREASURES.



DONATED BY H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER: A PAIR OF 19TH-CENTURY CANTONESE VASES AND COVERS. GILT DOGS OF FO SURMOUNTS TO THE COVERS. (LOT 1.)



DONATED BY MRS. W. J. P. MARLING: A FINE FAMILLE VERTE SAUCER-SHAPED DISH, BRILLIANTLY ENAMELLED; 15 INS. DIAMETER. (LOT 631.)



DONATED BY MR. JOHN W. STANTON: A RARE CHELSEA "GOAT AND BEE" CREAM JUG IN PLAIN WHITE, SUPPORTED BY TWO RECLINING GOATS, WITH A BEE IN RELIEF UNDER LIP. 4½ INS. HIGH. (LOT 698.)



DONATED BY MISS LOBNITZ: AN EMPIRE GOLD FILIGREE NECKLACE WITH THREE OVAL CHRYSOPRASE CENTRES ORNAMENTED WITH ROSE DIAMONDS AND RUBIES IN AN INTRICATE DESIGN AND A PEAR-SHAPED PENDANT MATCHING; A BRACELET EN SUITE; THE WHOLE INTERCHANGEABLE, FORMING A TIARA. (LOT 6.)



READY FOR THE SALE: SOME OF THE GIFTS OF JEWELLERY WHICH WERE CLEANED AND REPAIRED BY MR. R. H. B. EAMES (LEFT), OF GLOUCESTER, WHO GAVE HIS SERVICES WITHOUT CHARGE. CLEANING REVEALED THE REAL VALUE OF MANY PIECES.



DONATED BY MISS LOBNITZ: A VERY FINE DIAMOND AND PEARL TASSEL PENDANT OF 160 PEARLS OF 1 GRAIN EACH WITH APPROXIMATELY 6 CARATS OF SMALL DIAMONDS. (LOT 5.)



DONATED BY MR. AND MRS. HARRISON: A GEORGE II. CHOCOLATE (OR COFFEE) POT. (LOT 458.)



A FINE PLAIN QUEEN ANNE CASTOR, A GEORGE I. PLAIN TANKARD (RIGHT) AND A WILLIAM AND MARY PLAIN, STRAIGHT-SIDED TANKARD (LEFT) DONATED BY MRS. W. J. P. MARLING. A GEORGE I. TAPER STICK (LEFT CENTRE) AND A GEORGE II. TAPER STICK DONATED BY LADY DURAND. (LOTS, L. TO R., 445, 433, 447, 434 AND 446.)



DONATED BY THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT: A DRESDEN CENTREPIECE (LEFT, LOT 621). A DRESDEN GROUP (R.) GIVEN BY SIR WALTER CRADDOCK. (LOT 622.)

One thousand gifts have been received for the Treasure Sale organised by Sir Walter Craddock, D.S.O., M.C., of Amberley, in aid of the Gloucester Cathedral Fabric Appeal Fund. The three-days' sale, which is to be held at Guildhall, Gloucester, is to be opened at noon on September 21 by his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Lieutenant of Gloucestershire. Families in the county responded with generosity to the appeal, and treasured heirlooms from some of England's historic homes have been catalogued at the offices of the hon. auctioneer, Mr. Norman Bruton, of Bruton, Knowles and Co., Gloucester. Some of the varied

and beautiful gifts which will come under the hammer during the three-days' sale are shown on this page. The jewellery was all cleaned and repaired without charge by Mr. R. H. B. Eames, a Gloucester jeweller, whose work revealed that many pieces were of even greater value than had been at first thought. The sale of jewellery, coins, furniture, objets d'art, pictures, books, silver, wines, cigars, plate, porcelain, glass, lace and fabrics, pewter and metalwork and ivories, is expected to contribute substantially towards the £70,000 still required to complete the £150,000 target of the Cathedral Fund.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

IN this advanced stage of civilisation we are subject to censuses, registrations, quizzes and interrogations until even our most private habits and thoughts seem to have become almost the property of the bureaucrat, the mass-observationist and other more or less benevolent observers and investigators. We can still call our souls our own only because a soul has an intangible quality and cannot readily be analysed. If any one of us is irked by these modern processes there is at least one grain of comfort—cold, perhaps, but comfort nevertheless. It is that no living thing is exempt from this close scrutiny. First one student, then another, alone or in company with others, is making a detailed and continuous study of the lives of this or that species of animal. The results are extensive and highly interesting; and when someone can collate the vast accumulation of information steadily building up, our knowledge of the ways of animals will have taken a great leap forward. We can but hope that the similar privations we ourselves suffer may yield a like result.

One of the latest of these animal studies is on the prairie dogs of North America. It is entitled "Social behaviour, social organisation, and population dynamics in a black-tailed prairie dog town in the Black Hills of South Dakota" (Contributions from the Laboratory of Vertebrate Biology, No. 67, University of Michigan, April 1955). If the title is extensive, it merely matches the information brought together by its author, Dr. John A. King, as the result of studies extending over the years 1948 to 1952. It is not proposed here even to summarise this work, which would be difficult in this space, but to pick out a few of the results which more especially caught my attention in reading this study.

Prairie dogs live in large colonies on the western plains of North America. Heavily-built rodents, the adult has a total length of 14 to 16 ins. and weighs up to 3 lb. The fur is a grizzled cinnamon, with a black tip to the short tail. The legs also are short. Under modern agricultural and ranching conditions, the prairie dog "towns" have clashed with human interests, with the inevitable result that the numbers of these animals are much reduced compared with former times, when the abundance of their burrows constituted a real danger to horsemen. What their numbers meant can best be gauged from the estimate of a naturalist in 1901 of a single "town." This covered an area 100 by 240 miles and was estimated to contain 400,000,000 prairie dogs.

In general terms, it may be said that a high rate of reproduction, with four to eight young in a litter, keen, alert senses and the habit of posting sentries, which sit bolt-upright and utter piercing calls when alarmed, enabled them to maintain their numbers in spite of numerous enemies. Another safety factor in their behaviour is that individuals do not roam far from the security of the burrows. These things were effective, however, only so long as the animals were free from human interference.

When man and prairie dogs clashed, the situation was analogous to diamond cutting diamond. Both had a high population dynamic, and the basis of this in each case was an advanced social organisation. It will not be surprising, then, if some similarities emerge as between the conflicting species. To begin with, a vast town of millions is unwieldy, even with the best social organisation, without sub-division. The prairie dog towns are divided naturally into smaller units, and these have been named wards and coteries. A coterie usually covers less than an acre, and several coteries constitute a ward. The organisation and population of a town depend upon topographical and vegetational characteristics and also on the social behaviour of its inhabitants. The same holds to a lesser degree for the wards and coteries. So, as in the divisions between human areas, topography and material needs as well as local loyalties determine

STUDYING PRAIRIEDOGS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

social units, but the needs differ and the loyalties are differently expressed. There is movement as between wards and coteries, but on the whole populations remain static within their boundaries. The cohesion of the units, in both instances, human and prairie dog, depends upon effective means of communication.

Dr. King found that communication between prairie dogs in a coterie was by touch, smell, by sight and by voice. The first of these is important in the recognition of individuals, in group cohesion, sexual behaviour, play and fighting. The others play a greater or lesser part according to circumstances, but touch is perhaps of the most immediate importance as between individuals, and the most frequent demonstration

patterns of behaviour before the kiss become the primary means of identification. The animals, upon seeing each other, lie down on their bellies, wag their tails, and then slowly creep towards each other, wagging their tails at intervals until contact is established and the kiss given."

From kissing to grooming is but a short step, and the grooming is a prominent feature of the behaviour of prairie dogs. Male grooms female, and vice-versa; adults groom the young, young groom adults and each other. It is carried out by a rapid nibbling and pawing of the whole body, the teeth passing rapidly through the fur and touching the skin, the individual being groomed rolling over to facilitate the efforts of the one performing the operation. When a pet prairie dog grooms the human hand it gives a tingling sensation to the skin. Presumably it is pleasurable to the animal therefore and doubtless is a factor in the maintenance of health, a sort of skin massage. It

also serves, no doubt, in establishing what might be called a personal bond between individuals. Whether this surmise is correct or no, there is co-operation between prairie dogs, as in nest-building. There is co-operation also in the matter of individual safety, and although Dr. King does not assert this explicitly, one feels from his objective account that the individual contact arising from grooming leads on naturally to co-operation in its wider sense. One of these embraces the communication signals that run through the coterie as a whole, or even through adjacent coteries or wards.

It is, on the whole, an over-simplification to say, as in the generalisation given earlier, that prairie dogs post sentinels. The situation is more complex than this. Ten different kinds of vocalisation were noted by Dr. King. Tooth-chattering, snarls, screams, chuckles, churrs and several kinds of barks, all have their special significance. Some tell of fights between individuals or of scuffles with intruders from other coteries. Others indicate varying degrees of danger, and these either alert the members of a coterie or send them scuttling to their burrows. The most effective is the intense, high-pitched call giving warning of a hawk's approach. On receipt of this from one of their number, all scuttle to their burrows without stopping to see what is afoot. When the hawk has passed, an all-clear signal is given. Presumably the first one to see the hawk raises the alarm, but it is not clear which first sounds the all-clear. This last signal is the same as the territorial call, which is used for a variety of situations all having in common an atmosphere of security. Throughout this survey nothing is said of sentinels, and it seems probable that it is the territorial (or all-clear) call, executed with the body thrown upwards in an erect posture, that originally promoted



EXCHANGING "THE RECOGNITION KISS": A MEETING BETWEEN PRAIRIEDOGS. THIS "KISS" HAS BEEN INTERPRETED AS A THREAT RATHER THAN AFFECTION, MAKING EACH INDIVIDUAL AWARE THAT THE OTHER IS READY TO DEFEND ITSELF AND THEREFORE BELONGS TO THE COTERIE. IT RESULTS, HOWEVER, IN A DISPLAY VERY SIMILAR TO AFFECTION AND OFTEN ENDS IN PLAY. IT IS ONE OF THE BEHAVIOUR-PATTERNS HELPING TO PROMOTE COHESION AMONG MEMBERS OF A COTERIE.



AN EXAMPLE OF CO-OPERATION: THREE PRAIRIEDOGS COMBINING TO DIG A BURROW CRATER. ALL BEAR BLACK DYE IDENTIFICATION PATCHES. [Photographs by courtesy of John A. King.]

of this is in the "identification kiss." We are constantly adjured these days to avoid an anthropomorphic approach to animal behaviour, yet the use of identical terms is often difficult to avoid. "The kiss is exchanged whenever two individuals meet; each turns its head and opens its mouth to permit contact with the other. It is often hastily given when familiar members pass each other in their foraging or when they meet as they run to a burrow together. At times, however, the kiss is prolonged; the animals maintain contact with their mouths and then one proceeds to groom the other. Frequently when two animals meet and kiss, one will roll over on its back, while still maintaining contact with the mouth of the other. Sometimes the kiss ends with both animals stretched out side by side and then moving off to feed with their bodies pressed close together. If two animals of the same coterie meet near the boundary of the territory, or under any other circumstance in which their identity might be questioned, the visual



GIVING THE TERRITORIAL CALL: AN ADULT FEMALE PRAIRIEDOG AT HER BURROW ENTRANCE (NOTE BLACK IDENTIFICATION PATCH). THIS CALL, INDICATIVE OF SECURITY, AND AN ALL-CLEAR AFTER A BIRD-OF-PREY HAS PASSED, MAY HAVE LED TO THE IDEA THAT PRAIRIEDOGS POST SENTINELS.

the idea of sentinels being posted.

The enemies of the prairie dogs are mainly birds-of-prey and coyotes. With so complete a system of warning signals it is not surprising to find that their victims are largely those prairie dogs which, having strayed too far from their burrows, cannot reach safety in time when the alarm is raised. Certainly, although the colour of their fur would seem, at first glance, to have a protective value, it seems to have little relation to survival, this being determined by closeness or otherwise to a bolt-hole.

It is of interest to note that, in marking the members of a coterie with a black dye, in various patterns on the sides, head and back, to recognise and keep watch on individuals, some were dyed black almost all over. Yet King remarks: "There was no evidence that the dye made them more vulnerable to attack from predators."

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



DIED ACCIDENTALLY WHILE BATHING: BRIG. N. DUGDALE. Brigadier Nigel Dugdale, aged forty-seven, who had been Director of Public Relations at the War Office since 1952, fractured his spine and died when he dived from a raft in shallow water at Weymouth on September 6, during his holiday. He was Chief Information Officer of the Ministry of Supply from 1949-52.



AN EMINENT SOLDIER DIES: BRIGADIER A. M. TOYE, V.C. Until lately Commandant of the Home Office Civil Defence School at Faifield, Gloucestershire, Brigadier Toye, V.C., died at Tiverton, Devon, on September 6, aged fifty-eight. He won his V.C. in 1918 while serving with the Middlesex Regiment in Flanders. He also saw active service in the second World War.



AN INDIAN DIPLOMAT DIES: SIR ATUL CHATTERJEE. The death occurred at Bexhill on September 8 of Sir Atul Chatterjee, one of the most distinguished Indian members of the old Indian Civil Service. He was eighty. For over six years the Indian High Commissioner in London, he represented India at many international conferences, including the League of Nations.



LEAVING THE R.A.F.: AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR BASIL EMBRY. Air Chief Marshal Sir Basil Embry, Commander-in-Chief, Allied Air Forces, Central Europe, stated on September 11 that he had been "compulsorily retired" from the R.A.F. and expected to leave his post this year. He is fifty-three. He is understood to have criticised some aspects of R.A.F. leadership.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF Utrecht DIES: CARDINAL DE JONG. The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Utrecht, Cardinal Joannes de Jong, died on September 8, two days before his seventieth birthday. He opposed German demands during the occupation of Holland from 1940 to 1945, and after the liberation received from Queen Wilhelmina the Grand Cross of the Netherlands Lion.



AN AIRCRAFT PIONEER DIES: MR. ROBERT BLACKBURN.

One of the pioneers of the British aircraft industry and the founder of the Blackburn and General Aircraft Company, Mr. Robert Blackburn died at his home at Exeter on September 10. He was seventy. He first flew an aeroplane in 1909, the year after a flying demonstration given in Paris by the Wright brothers had fired his imagination.



THE DEATH OF A NOTABLE SCHOLAR AND TEACHER: DR. M. GWLADYS JONES. Dr. Mary Gwladys Jones died on September 1 at the age of seventy-five. She was a notable scholar and brilliant teacher, and for many years was Director of Studies in History, Law, and Economics at Girton College, Cambridge, to which college she was devoted.

ON A HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL TOUR IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE BRITISH LIONS RUGBY TEAM, WHO HAVE WON TWO TESTS OUT OF THREE.

Leading South Africa by two games to one in the four Tests scheduled, the British Lions Rugby team are enjoying a remarkably successful tour. Photographed above, they are (Back row, l. to r.): A. C. Pedlow, J. P. Quinn, W. P. C. Davies, R. Higgins. (Fourth row): A. G. Thomas, H. Morris, C. Meredith, F. D. Sykes, A. R. Smith, D. S. Wilson, T. Elliott, D. G. S. Baker. (Third row): R. J. Robins, J. T. Greenwood, A. J. O'Reilly, R. H. Williams, J. S. Michie, T. E. Reid, R. C. C. Thomas, R. Roe. (Second row): W. O. Williams, J. Butterfield, Mr. D. E. Davies (secretary), R. H. Thompson (captain), Mr. J. A. E. Siggins (manager), A. Cameron (vice-captain), C. I. Morgan, B. V. Meredith. (Front row): R. E. G. Jeeps, G. Griffiths, J. E. Williams and T. Lloyd.



APPOINTED AMBASSADOR IN LUXEMBURG: SIR GEOFFREY ALLCHIN.

The British Government and the Government of the Duchy of Luxemburg having agreed to elevate their existing diplomatic missions to the status of embassies, the Queen has approved the appointment of Sir Geoffrey Allchin as the British Ambassador.

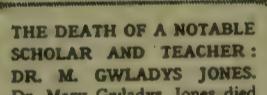


BEATEN IN THE U.S. LAWN TENNIS FINALS: MISS PAT WARD.

Miss P. E. Ward, of Great Britain, the Wightman Cup International, failed in her bid to become the first British player for a quarter of a century to win the U.S. Women's Singles lawn tennis title when she was beaten by Miss D. Hart (U.S.) at Forest Hills, New York, on September 11. It was the first time since 1931 that an English player had reached the final.



A NIGERIAN APPOINTMENT IN LONDON: ALHAJI ABDULMALIKI. The first Commissioner in the United Kingdom for the Northern Region of Nigeria, Alhaji Abdulmaliki took up his appointment on September 11. He is the eldest son of the former Atta of Igbirra in Kebbi Province and is a member of the Northern Region House of Assembly, an office that will normally terminate in view of his new appointment.



WINNER OF THE BRITISH GIRLS' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS ANGELA WARD.

Miss Angela Ward, of Prince's Club, Sandwich, who is eighteen, added another title to her 1955 record on September 9 when she won the British Girls' Golf Championship by beating Miss Alison Gardner, of Berkhamsted, by 5 and 4 at Beaconsfield. She has already won the senior National Championships of Denmark, Sweden and Germany, and the Kent County Championship.



"LONG LIVE LIGHT, PEACE, AND FRIENDSHIP": MR. MALIK, THE SOVIET AMBASSADOR, SWITCHING ON BLACKPOOL'S ILLUMINATIONS, AIDED BY HIS WIFE.

On September 9 Mr. Malik, the Soviet Ambassador to Britain, standing on a platform in front of the Town Hall in Blackpool, pressed the switch which transformed the six miles of Blackpool's seafront into a blaze of coloured lights. Cheers from a large crowd greeted Mr. Malik's speech, in which he said that he hoped that one day the illuminations would be powered by peaceful atomic energy, and spoke of his hopes for the end of the cold war.



THE JUNIOR LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONS: MISS A. HAYDON (LEFT) AND OLIVER PRENN.

The Junior Lawn Tennis Championships ended at Wimbledon on September 10 when, on the hard courts, the Boys' Singles title was won by O. Prent, of St. Paul's School, London, and the Girls' Singles title by Miss A. Haydon (Warwickshire) for the second time. The trophies were presented to the winners by Sir Anthony Eden, who has done much to encourage English lawn tennis players.





CAPTURING THE MEASURED SOLEMNITY OF A PARADE OF EASTERN ECCLESIASTICS: "BUDDHIST STATE MONKS," BY FONG KU TCHANG OF VIET-NAM, WHICH IS ALSO A STUDY IN HARD SUNLIGHT AND DEEP SHADOW. ENTRIES FOR THIS EXHIBITION COME FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.



THE CHARM OF CHILDREN NEVER FAILS TO ATTRACT PAINTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTISTS ALIKE: "CHILDREN'S PARTY," BY HELGE HEINONEN OF FINLAND, HAS ECHOES OF MILLAIS.

DISPLAYING THE WORLD'S FINEST PHOTOGRAPHIC ART: AN EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

The forty-sixth International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography opened on September 10 at the galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 26-27, Conduit Street, London, W.1. The exhibition will remain open daily (except Sundays), from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., until October 8.

VENUE-SE
TRATA-SE R. Mousinho de ALBUQUERQUE
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FIXING AN EXOTIC STREET SCENE: "SILHOUETTE PORTUGAISE," A PIECE OF IMAGINATIVE REALISM BY JEAN DIEUZAIDE OF FRANCE. MORE THAN FORTY DIFFERENT COUNTRIES ARE REPRESENTED AT THIS YEAR'S SALON.

This annual exhibition attracts entries from all parts of the world, and some 400 have been selected for this year's Salon. The choice is governed by the principle that a camera can be a means of artistic expression, and the examples reproduced on this and the opposite page give substance to this contention.



(ABOVE.) A CONTINENTAL SNOW SCENE WITH A DIFFERENCE: "SCENE THROUGH A MIRROR," BY DR. S. D. JOUHAR.

THE expression "photographic art" which used to signify paintings so devoid of incident, imagination or idiosyncrasy that they looked like photographs, has now acquired a different meaning; it now means the art of photography, which, in its higher manifestations, is very fine art indeed, and in many ways comparable with that other art of brush and pencil. The same imaginative vision is at work in both, the same preoccupation with form, balance and tones, the same impulse to alter familiar perspectives and show them to us in a new way that is sometimes beautiful and unfailingly interesting. "Admiration," by Walden Hammond, reproduced on right, has something of the quality of French Impressionist painting; "Scene Through a Mirror," by Dr. S. D. Jouhar, has the sharpness of outline and the economy of much Dutch art.



(RIGHT.) AN ARTIST'S CONCEPTION, SUGGESTING A FRENCH IMPRESSIONIST: "ADMIRATION," BY WALDEN HAMMOND.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

THE SHALLOW BLUE SEA.

By ALAN DENT.

HESTER COLLYER, after fifteen years of married life with a judge, Sir William Collyer, left him for an ex-airman called Freddie Page, and tried hard to commit suicide on a September day ten months later. Why? Out of "anger and hatred and shame"—as she told her husband when he was summoned to her assistance. She had been too passionate a creature to keep the workaday Freddie by her side, and he was off to Canada in pursuit of a new flying job. She was too proud a creature to return to her husband, who, anyhow, was too dispassionately intellectual a man to give her even a humdrum sort of happiness. Mr. Miller, an odd medico upstairs who had been imprisoned for a year, comes down to give her first-aid treatment. He also tells her the truth about herself—which neither her husband nor her lover had been able to discern. He recommends her to resist a second attempt at suicide. He advises her to lose herself in the art of painting, since she shows some little promise in that accomplishment.

Miller's argument is questionable but striking: "To see yourself as the world sees you may be very brave, but it can also be very foolish. Why should you accept the world's view of you as a weak-willed neurotic—better dead than alive? What right have they to judge? To judge you they must have the capacity to feel as you feel. And who has? One in a thousand. You alone know how you have felt. And you alone know how unequal the battle has been that your will has had to fight." Miller might also have pointed out, though he does not, that Hester

calls her Hester invariably; and we remember that Freddie's very first remark to her in the play, as he breezily enters from golf, singing "O Susannah" and entirely unaware of that morning's attempted suicide, was: "Hullo, Hes. How's tricks?"

And now comes the cinema's version of "The Deep Blue Sea," adapted by none other than the author himself and directed by Anatole Litvak. The greatest of the film's virtues is that its author has retained a very great part of his play's first-rate dialogue—not only, for example, the spare, unromantic ending quoted above, but also much of the highly intelligent talk between Hester and Miller, and between Hester and Sir William. We again hear, for example, Hester referring to what her father called "the importance of the spiritual values and the pettiness of the physical side"—a reference which comes refreshingly, if oddly, from the silver screen, which throughout its history has almost invariably expressed and approved exactly the opposite state of things in something like a million dramas, both silent and sound.

Among other of the film's virtues is that it retains Kenneth More's unapproachable portrait of the loud, but oddly likeable because perfectly honest, Freddie. An alteration for the better is the minor character of a chorus-girl called Dawn Maxwell, who replaces the play's pair of dullish young newlyweds. These were well-meaning, whereas Dawn is not nearly so well-meaning and is drawn with nicely judged malice by Moira Lister. Another alteration for the better is

of the play's Roland Culver, and the substitution of Arthur Hill for Raymond Francis as the slight but devastatingly well-drawn Canadian friend of Freddie. Mr. Williams and Mr. Hill may take it as a high compliment when I say they are just as good as the originals.

But here the list of advantages and superiorities and adequate substitutions must be declared to cease abruptly. Vivien Leigh plays Hester sensitively and even touchingly, but without any of the terrible laceration that Miss Ashcroft brought to the play, making Hester the all-important central character and pivot. The plain unblinkable truth is that Miss Leigh is mis-cast just as badly here as she was in "Anna Karenina." Her beauty and her elegance are against her from the start (her gassed Hester looks like the Sleeping Venus!) and she has done nothing—or has been asked to do nothing by her director—to modify the impression of a dazzling young woman of the world who would be extremely unlikely ever to find herself in Hester's tragic predicament.

If we cannot wholly believe in a character's plight, we cannot wholly be moved by it. We find it impossible to believe that this Hester would not have recovered from her infatuation for Freddie in a couple of week-ends. We cannot believe that this Hester would have renounced all and lived for this slangy Freddie, much less have died for him. We cannot believe that this Hester would have allowed herself to be called "Hes."

ERIC PORTMAN AS MILLER, IN TERENCE RATTIGAN'S "THE DEEP BLUE SEA."

In selecting Mr. Eric Portman as his choice for the outstanding film actor of the fortnight, Mr. Alan Dent writes: "As a medico-cum-bookmaker with a sinister and un-divulged past, Eric Portman gives, on the whole, the most satisfying performance in the screen-version of 'The Deep Blue Sea.' Kenneth More is disqualified (perhaps a shade unfairly) because he is here merely repeating in every detail his brilliant performance in the original play. Vivien Leigh and Emlyn Williams are disqualified for reasons examined and thrashed out elsewhere on this page. But Mr. Portman's performance stands out and will linger in memory as that of a man haunted by his past, uneasy about his present, and philosophic about his future."

even once without a reprimand. We cannot believe in this Hester settling down in that seamy Thames-side boarding-house—Weybridge Road, S.W.10—for ten minutes, much less for ten months. We can accept this actress as a *créature tombée* (witness the unforgettable Blanche in "Streetcar Named Desire"), but not as a *créature tombante* (or Paula Tanqueray in reverse). We cannot, in short, accept Miss Leigh's Hester.

What can one say of her more? One might say that she makes the play, which was deep and tragical in the theatre, seem shallow and merely rather pitiful on the screen. But what one really wants most to say has already been said by my ingenious young colleague, Paul Dehn, whose comment was as acute as it was neatly turned: "It is a tribute to this entrancing actress's talent that there are moments when she persuades us that Freddie could conceivably have tired of her." Let us leave it, subtly, at that.

But let us finally deplore the gross expansion of this film-version to take in flashbacks of an air display at Farnborough (where the lovers first met), and a ski-ing holiday in Switzerland (where they came to the mistaken conclusion that they were made for one another). These, and some other addenda, are perfunctorily done, and one gathers the impression that Mr. Rattigan wrote these flashbacks without gusto, for the reason that he wrote them against his better judgment. Still less happy is a scene near the end where Hester, throwing all her pride out of the window, goes out alone to chase the decamping Freddie all over the clubs and pubs of Soho, when she

misses him by inches but meets instead (1) her nasty next-flat neighbour, Dawn Maxwell, of all likely people, and (2) Judge Collyer himself, of all the unlikely ones. This last encounter made everybody around me gasp with incredulity. But it is only fair to add that both Hester and Sir William looked at this juncture as though they could hardly believe their own eyes on happening upon one another in a spot so unjudicious and injudicious.



"HER BEAUTY AND HER ELEGANCE ARE AGAINST HER FROM THE START—HER GASSED HESTER LOOKS LIKE THE SLEEPING VENUS": HESTER (VIVIEN LEIGH) IS FOUND UNCONSCIOUS IN HER FLAT IN A SCENE FROM "THE DEEP BLUE SEA." MR. MILLER (ERIC PORTMAN), A FORMER DOCTOR WHO HAS BEEN STRUCK OFF THE MEDICAL REGISTER, HAS BEEN CALLED IN. (LONDON PREMIÈRE: AUGUST 25, CARLTON.)

has at least had the luck to keep her catastrophe private, to have escaped the odium that the police and the Press might have given to her "urge to end it all." He might, still further, have asked her to realise that she had had quite a deal of love and luxury in her life—rather more, in fact, than most women achieve—and that she was at least left with the cold comforts of warm memory.

Miller may, of course, have been going on to make such worldly-wise and more-or-less helpful observations. But he was interrupted by the unexpected return of Freddie, though he had come back only to say good-bye for ever. In the play—which is, of course, Terence Rattigan's "The Deep Blue Sea"—the farewell takes this bleak but absolutely natural form:

FREDDIE: Well—

HESTER: Good-bye, Freddie.

FREDDIE: Good-bye, Hes. . . . Thank you for everything.

HESTER: Thank you, too.

FREDDIE: I'm going to miss you, Hes.

HESTER: Good-bye.

We note how immensely in character is Freddie's contraction of Hester to Hes, whereas her real husband



"THE GREATEST OF THE FILM'S VIRTUES IS THAT ITS AUTHOR HAS RETAINED A VERY GREAT PART OF HIS PLAY'S FIRST-RATE DIALOGUE": "THE DEEP BLUE SEA" (20TH CENTURY-FOX), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH HESTER (VIVIEN LEIGH) WARNS HER LOVER, FREDDIE PAGE (KENNETH MORE), THAT HE WILL LOSE HER IF HE GOES OFF TO CANADA WITHOUT HER.

a certain expansion of the part of Mr. Miller and its allotting to Eric Portman, who gives us a fine and disturbing study of a man obsessed about his past but no less resolute about his future. In the film this character is both a seedy medico and a bookmaker of increasing prosperity. Mr. Portman, by the sheer integrity of his acting, obliges us to accept this unlikely brace of occupations. Alterations for neither better nor worse are Emlyn Williams for Sir William, instead

FROM THE BRONZE AGE TO THE ATOMIC,
AND OTHER HOME NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE KENTMERE BOAT: A VESSEL OF UNIQUE CONSTRUCTION AND (AS YET) UNKNOWN AGE UNCOVERED IN WESTMORLAND. This boat, which was discovered by a workman at diatomite works in the Lakeland valley of Kentmere, Westmorland, was recently lifted from the mud in the presence of scientists from the British Museum and elsewhere. It is of unique construction and will be subjected to Carbon-14 tests for age at the British Museum research laboratory.



SHINING OUT FOR THE FIRST TIME—IN MEMORY OF THE LATE CYRIL MAUDE, THE ACTOR—AN ILLUMINATED CROSS, 12 FT. HIGH, IN THE TOWER OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, TORQUAY. THE CROSS, OF NEON TUBING, WAS GIVEN BY MR. MAUDE'S WIDOW AND RECENTLY DEDICATED BY THE BISHOP OF EXETER.



H.M.S. CHRYSANTHEMUM, THE R.N.V.R. DRILL SHIP, NORMALLY MOORED IN THE THAMES NEAR THE TEMPLE, BEING TOWED TO MILLWALL FOR REFIT.

H.M.S. *Chrysanthemum*, which, with *President* and (recently) *Discovery*, makes up the trio of R.N.V.R. drill ships just below Waterloo Bridge, is being refitted. A sloop of World War I., she served as a D.E.M.S. (Defensively Equipped Merchant Ship) training and depot ship during the last war.



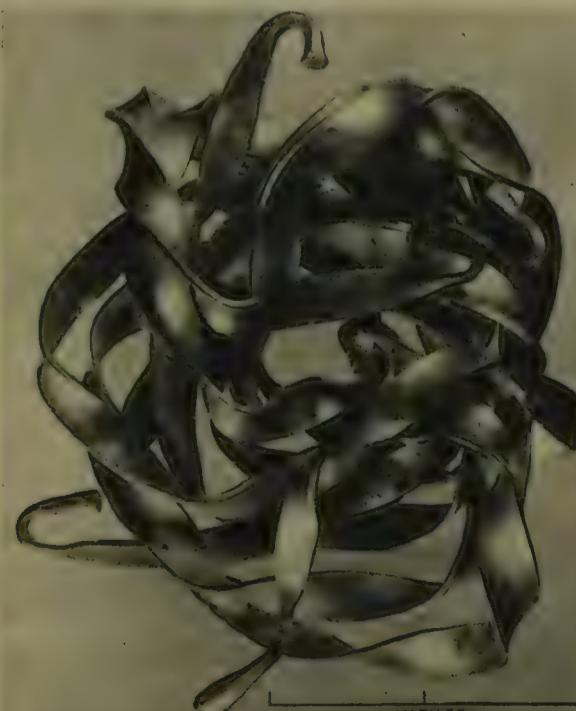
THE MILLIONTH EXPORT VEHICLE OF THE FORD MOTOR CO.'S DAGENHAM FACTORY—

A FORD ZODIAC—GIVEN AS A GIFT TO THE ORDERER.

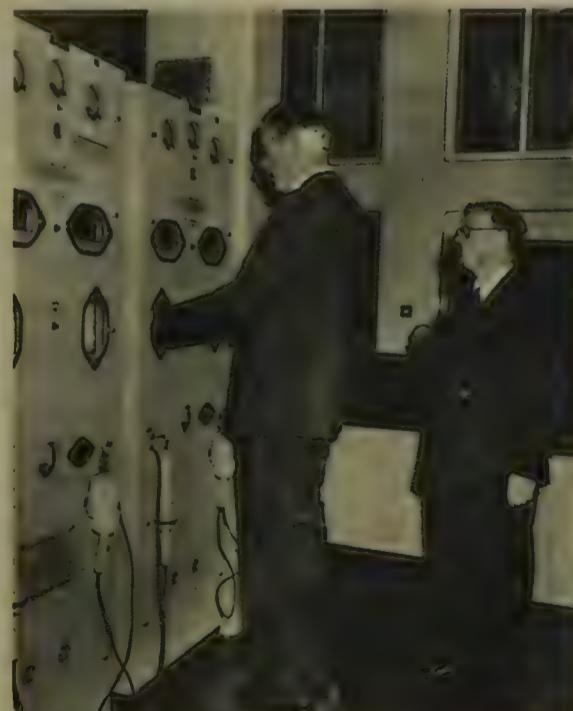
This vehicle was ordered a few weeks ago by Mr. M. Schreiner, of Vancouver; and as it happened to be the factory's millionth export vehicle, it was given to him and he and his wife were flown over to England for the presentation ceremony.



THE FIRST WOMAN OWNER TO WIN THE ST. LEGER: LADY ZIA WERNHER LEADING IN 'MELD' (W. H. CARR UP). On September 7, in the presence of her Majesty and before a great crowd, Lady Zia Wernher's filly *Meld* won the St. Leger at 10-11 from *Nucleus*. L. Piggott, *Nucleus*' jockey, raised an objection, but this was over-ruled. The prize raised the total of the trainer, Mr. C. Boyd-Rochfort, to more than £1,000,000 in stake money since 1919.



THREE GOLD TORCS DECLARED TREASURE TROVE AND ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES. These three gold "ribbon" torcs, of a type new for Wales, were turned up by the plough by Mr. S. Williams Pugh, of Cwm-Jenkin, Heyope, Radnor, on a slope being ploughed for the first time. They date to the Middle and Late Bronze Age (1000-500 B.C.) and are now being restored at the British Museum. The finder was paid £300.



WITH HIS HANDS IN THE "GLOVES" OF A MONITORING MACHINE: THE PRIME MINISTER AT ALDERMASTON. On September 8 Sir Anthony Eden (here seen with the Director, Sir William Penney) paid a three-hour visit to the atomic weapons research establishment at Aldermaston, Berks. In some of the buildings he changed into protective clothing. He addressed the staff and lunched with senior officials, in Sir William Penney's office.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

THE OLD SCHOOL.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I REMEMBER, most vividly, the night eight years ago when J. B. Priestley's "The Linden Tree" arrived at the Duchess Theatre. Old Professor Linden, from the red-brick university in the North Midland town of Burmanley, uttered these words :

"... We know, by this time, that Burmanley's a gloomy, shabby hole that nobody but an old fool would want to do any work in: And why work anyhow if you needn't? That's been the line. And it doesn't appeal to me. I don't like the sound of it. There's death in it somewhere. ... I don't want to walk away from real life, give it up as a bad job. ... I prefer to stay with it and help a bit if I can."

Only a few days ago, on the same stage, Clive Morton, as a bank manager from the Midland town of Brickmill, which cannot be far from Burmanley, was announcing his intention to get away from it all, to throw off his bonds, to let Brickmill look after itself. And Priestley seemed to be sympathising just as much with this George Kettle, the bank manager, as he did with Robert Linden, the professor.

I don't suppose it matters. "The Linden Tree" was, and is, a serious play, one of the most important the English stage has produced since the war. "Mr. Kettle and Mrs. Moon," the present piece, is nothing but a mild comedy. Even so, I cannot see that the towns of Burmanley and Brickmill differ very much (though we are not told of the facilities for higher education in Brickmill), and it appears to me illogical to cheer for Linden and Kettle at one and the same time.

Not that we cannot see George Kettle's point of view. It is a wet November Monday morning in Brickmill, and wet November Monday mornings must rasp on anybody's nerves. Rain is pelting down outside the windows—a sight, I gather, more familiar to Continental holiday-makers this year than to those in Britain—and George Kettle has heard a voice saying, in effect, "What's the use? Why go on?" He has not gone on. He has bought a child's "jungle-shooting" set, with charming cardboard animals to pot at, and he has on his gramophone the "Prince Igor" dances to which he can provide a cymbal accompaniment (the coal-scuttle will serve as a drum). It looks like being a mildly mad, but very cosy, morning, while outside—as a result of his defection from the bank—all manner of balloons are rising from the murky streets of Brickmill.

It proves to be a mad and cosy day. George discovers that Delia Moon, who is the wife of a local estate agent and who is by no means the severe creature she looks, has also been affected by the weather. She has a bright-red sports car outside. The rest, we say to ourselves, must follow. It does. Before it does, Priestley works off some of his resentment at the "grey rats" of Brickmill—a curious term, because one had always thought rats deserted a sinking ship. And here is George Kettle himself preferring to desert Brickmill. We have some mild moments of comedy, and John Moffat stirs things up when he arrives as an inefficient psychiatrist, jargon-clotted, who is (as he admits to us at the last) really an ear, nose and throat specialist new to his present job.

Very well: but much of the comedy disappoints. The play, in retrospect, is a whispering gallery of echoes from an older Priestley. He is a major name in the modern drama. We owe so much to him, to his invention, his humanity, his copiousness, and the adventurous, questing spirit he showed in many of his earlier plays, that it is hard not to feel depressed by such a trifles as "Mr. Kettle and Mrs. Moon." Listening to it, one felt that Priestley was out of touch with the theatre, that he was looking backwards. There are happier things: the enjoyable start, such a character

as the estate agent (a wanly portentous mouse), the final flicker of comedy. But the piece is minor

alteration. Acting is excellent and loyal. Clive Morton's smooth, tranquil determination as George Kettle; Frances Rowe's sudden shining as Delia Moon; and the performances of such people as John Moffat, Wendy Craig and Raymond Francis, all help to build the piece and to give Priestley his due. But I am not an advocate of the Kettle-and-Moon adventure. Perhaps it is that usually, in the past, Priestley has managed to persuade us that whatever he writes of is important. Is anything that happens in this little piece important? I could not feel it.

There was much more imagination in "The Long Sunset" (Birmingham Repertory), another new play by an established dramatist. I spoke last week of R. C. Sherriff's historical drama; I return to it now because it still lights the mind. It is rare indeed that a play can keep one so conscious of the world beyond it. We are in this doomed Roman-British villa at Richborough in the last fading glimmer of the Roman world; but, all the while, we are aware of a world far wider, of the last tramp of the legions, of the barbarians that swarm over the Wall ("panting with hate and haste," as Kipling's line has it, "for the loot of five hundred years"), of the invading ships that make towards the island, of the bewildered voyagers who fight upon the beach—Sherriff's description of this is astonishingly clear—and of the black night that has settled over the Empire: a night torn only by the blazing fires of riot.

Sherriff's play strongly challenges the imagination. I hope some West End manager will have the courage to put it on in London, as Sir Barry Jackson has done at Birmingham, though, while saying this, I realise that, in its sincerity, its refusal to fuss, its lack of the cheaper and showier tinsel, it is not a play for all markets. Kenneth Mackintosh and Nancie Jackson's performances, which I mentioned last week, continue to hold the memory.

A third distinguished figure of our drama, Sir Alan Herbert, has written the book of "The Water Gipsies" (Winter Garden), which he has taken from his own novel. It moves along now to the cheerful melodies of Vivian Ellis, and in the care of a large and happy cast. We begin with beer-and-skittles in Hammersmith; we end with the beginning of a canal honeymoon. These are the people of the river barge and of the "narrow boat" on the "Cut" that A.P.H. has always loved; he puts them on the stage with uncomplicated romantic pleasure. True, "The Water Gipsies" is too long, and bits of it (Jane's "prayer," for example) could very easily go; but, for its general gaiety and for A.P.H.'s artful lyrics, we can wish a pleasant voyage to the craft. Pamela Charles is, likeably, Jane Bell; and Dora Bryan is, with exuberant cheer, her sister Lily, the good-time girl of whom I can say only, in Whitmanesque ecstasy :

This is the female form,
A divine nimbus exhales from it
from head to foot,
It attracts with fierce undenial
attraction,
I am drawn by its breath as if I
were no more than a helpless
vapour.

To which Miss Bryan's Lily would probably reply, with some vehemence, "Ow!"

I must add here a postscript on a play from a much older school, "La Dame aux Camélias" of Alexandre Dumas fils, which opened at the Edinburgh Festival and is now in London at the Duke of York's. It is being done for the sake of Edwige Feuillère, the French actress, who is Marguerite Gautier, and who is—for some tastes—disconcertingly untheatrical. This is infinitely delicate understatement, with an affecting death-scene; but I do hold that in such a piece of theatrical flamboyance as this, we need acting to match. Though it was easy to admire Feuillière, I did not find that she kindled me. A spiritual performance, yes, but an exciting one? Personally, I would say No.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE WATER GIPSY" (Winter Garden).—What happens to Jane and Lily Bell, the two sisters of the barge. Sir Alan Herbert's famous novel is now a lively musical play, with his own libretto (as a lyrise, he is inimitable) and several brisk performances. Dora Bryan rules the night as Lily Bell, queen and huntress chaste and fair—well, at any rate, a goddess excellently bright—and Pamela Charles has the proper dewy quality as her dear sister Jane with the trio of lovers. Vivian Ellis's music is appropriately fluent and singable. (August 31.)

"MR. KETTLE AND MRS. MOON" (Duchess).—J. B. Priestley, redoubtable dramatist though he is, has found it hard to keep his comedy going. It is the tale of George Kettle's sudden resolve to escape from the rainy gloom of Brickmill, in the Midlands, and his discovery of a fellow-adventurer in Delia Moon. In spite of some cheerful passages and alert lines, it remains minor Priestley. A splendid cast—led by Clive Morton and Frances Rowe—works hard to get the piece over its flatter passages. (September 1.)

"LA DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS" (Edinburgh Festival; later Duke of York's, London).—Edwige Feuillière, the French actress, is a surprisingly quiet Marguerite: a performance that, for all its technical finish, is not the blaze we had hoped. (Edinburgh, September 5; London, September 13.)

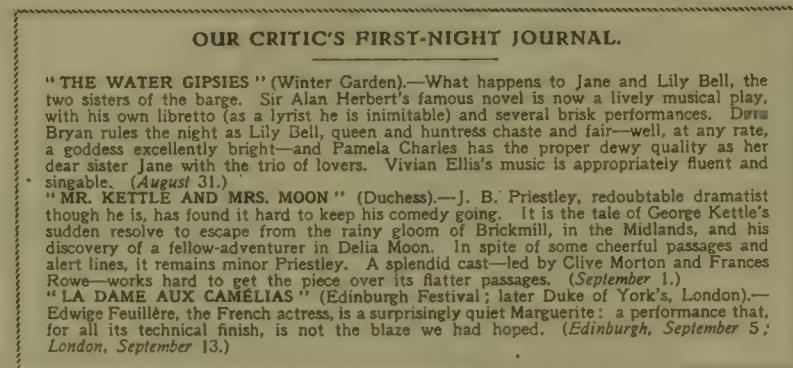


"A SPLENDID CAST—LED BY CLIVE MORTON AND FRANCES ROWE—WORKS HARD TO GET THE PIECE OVER ITS FLATTER PASSAGES": "MR. KETTLE AND MRS. MOON," SHOWING A SCENE FROM ACT I. IN WHICH MR. KETTLE ENCOURAGES MRS. MOON TO LOSE HER INHIBITIONS.



"SIR ALAN HERBERT'S FAMOUS NOVEL IS NOW A LIVELY MUSICAL PLAY": "THE WATER GIPSY" (WINTER GARDEN), SHOWING THE FINALE IN WHICH JANE BELL (PAMELA CHARLES) AND FRED GREEN (LAURIE PAYNE) START OFF ON THEIR CANAL HONEYMOON. STANDING (NEAREST THE BRIDAL PAIR) IS LILY BELL (DORA BRYAN) WHO "RULES THE NIGHT" IN THE THEATRE.

Priestley; I cannot believe that, twenty years ago, he would have passed his second act without anxious



FROM EDINBURGH TO COVENT GARDEN: JAPANESE KABUKI DANCERS.



A SCENE FROM A "SPIDER DANCE" PRESENTED BY THE AZUMA KABUKI DANCERS AND MUSICIANS FROM JAPAN, AT EDINBURGH, PRIOR TO THEIR APPEARANCE IN LONDON.



SOME OF THE KABUKI PROGRAMME IS OF AN EXCEPTIONALLY ACROBATIC NATURE; AND HERE TSURUNOSUKE BANDO IS PERFORMING A FROG DANCE.



PART OF A GRIM SHORT PLAY ABOUT A MALIGNANT SPIDER (WHO CAN BE SEEN IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND, SPINNING THE WEB): A SCENE FROM THE EDINBURGH PROGRAMME.



SHUSAI FUJIMA DANCING THE PART OF THE "PARENT LION," WHO TESTS HIS CUB'S STRENGTH BY KICKING THE YOUNGSTER OVER A HIGH CLIFF.

The Japanese Azuma Kabuki dancers and musicians formed a striking innovation at the Edinburgh Festival, in which they appeared at the Empire Theatre for a week, starting on September 5. After this they were due to appear for a three weeks' programme at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, starting on September 12. They are the second company of Japanese dancers to appear in London since the war, the Japanese Ballet of Miho Hanayagui having appeared for a short season at the Prince's Theatre in November last year (as recorded in

our issue of November 13, 1954). It is understood that this is not a pure Kabuki programme, since the troupe includes women dancers, notably the leading dancer, Miss Tokaho Azuma. Among the other principals are Mr. Tsurunosuke Bando, a fine character actor, and Mr. Masaya Fujima, who is a choreographer. As is usual in Japanese dancing, the orchestra sits on the stage and the principal instruments are the *samisen*, a stringed instrument something like a mandoline, and the *koto*, which resembles both harp and dulcimer; and percussion instruments.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

SOME critics are of opinion that the really *chic* way to tell a story is through a fictitious person on the sidelines. I don't much care for this oblique method: I feel it should be told by the omniscient author, or, as a variation—preferably in adventure stories—by the hero himself. And when the supposed raconteur is of the "clubman" type, I just can't do with him. Still, the technique has one obvious use. An author has to make all clear, but to a raconteur it needn't be clear; and this, in turn, may be an artistic advantage. "The Fall of the Sparrow," by Nigel Balchin (Collins; 12s. 6d.), seems to me a perfect instance of the raconteur in his right place. It is the life-story of a "psychopathic personality"—until he winds up in the dock—told by the man who knew most about him; which, with an elusive little chap like Jason Pellew, is not saying a great deal. But then the whole truth about Jason would be a case-history. Of which you can't make a good novel; at least, I never saw it done, and Mr. Balchin has too much flair for storytelling to attempt it.

Neurotics are, of course, the author's top subject—in fact, his inspired subject; but one enjoys a change, and there is no denying that he had worn sardonic anguish rather too hard. This time, we meet a different kind of sufferer. Little Jason has nothing of the heart-rent intellectual about him; he is a cherub—a slightly bounderish little cherub, with a mop of yellow hair and a shy grin. Though the grin has been super-added, like the propensity for yarning and telling impossible lies. As a small boy, he just looked nervous. And with what cause! After that ghastly afternoon visit, and General Pellew's outbreak at table, we would already swear he "couldn't help it"; and we have also seen why Henry should be all right. At school, Jason has learnt to grin; he has a pleasing, deferential manner; and he can't admit a fair cop. These things combine to make bad worse; so that at Cambridge he is even more elusive and unreliable. By then, he has a Jewish girl called Leah. It is "very important" that she should be a Jewess. On her account, he interrupts Fascist meetings in the East End—then volunteers for Spain—and, finally, plummets from an ascending course of war-heroism to a resounding crack-up. Thereafter, he has nothing to do. And there is nothing anyone can do. He should have been psycho-analysed at the age of ten.

Meanwhile, we have had a brilliant evocation of the 1930's, and an amusing war—for Henry is a physiologist in uniform. Jason convinces as a puzzle, and he could hardly be more alive. As for the moral—of course he ought not to be gaoled, but, anyhow, what would become of him?

OTHER FICTION.

"The Temptation of Roger Heriott," by Edward Newhouse (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), has no unsolved predicaments, or very acute trials: though on the other hand, it is a web of parent-child relationships. And according to Cousin Carol, "all parents stink." But, then, poor Carol is the neglected child of a millionaire, a nymphomaniac "socialite," and a bad mother. While Roger, who has nothing but his salary from the millionaire, lives in suburban happiness, with a couple of model children. And yet both he and Mary had a lot to contend with. Roger's boyhood was made hideous by his mother's whining about poverty, and attempts to batten on Uncle Charles. Mary acquired a dread of life, because she was frightened of her father—and when he went, because her mother had a dread of it. They have escaped, but only just; Roger could still wish to be better off, Mary is still subject to nerve-storms. . . .

And now they both come under fire. Roger is secretary to the Averill Foundation—which, among other things, has to award the big violin prize of the year. This time, a boy-wonder has come up. But he stole a paper-knife from old Miss Averill's desk, and Uncle Charles means to disqualify him. Roger will have to protest, uselessly, and will perhaps be sacked. Just then, re-enter Mary's father—not odious, not down-and-out, but on the point of leaving her 200,000 dollars. Roger exults; but Mary flies into a panic, and won't hear of it. . . .

This is an uncommonly well-made story; and it has some fine character-parts—especially the prodigy's mother, who is superbly awful. Only, it suffers from a blight of moderation. Roger is not hard up; he simply hankers for more money, like other people. But he is not allowed to do anything so vulgar as get it. Nor is he even "tempted"; everything solves itself, in a refined *status quo*. And though his domestic pottings are very agreeable, one can't quite accept them as the good life.

"The Tyrants," by Richard B. Thomsen (Bodley Head; 12s. 6d.), is a Faroese story, with an eighteenth-century background. Not a "historical novel"; this is the old, pure form of story-telling, in which the main point was not structure, or cohesion, or psychological nicety, but a flow of striking incident. I don't mean it is unideaed. On the contrary, it has a large, epic idea of retribution. Two bastard serfs and their girls flee from the yeoman-tyrant Guttorm, and are allowed to settle in Nakke Bay. Now, having land, they can be married; and so might other fugitives, for there is plenty of room. Jorund, however, is a bastard of the wicked Guttorm, and displays the same greed and hypocrisy. After long years, he has become a patriarch—under a fourfold curse. There is a wonderful, a really folk-tale climax: and on the way, a lot of violently naive detail, and an abounding freshness and geniality.

"Maigret and the Young Girl," by Georges Simenon (Hamish Hamilton; 9s. 6d.), once more presents the glum but restful world of duty, with new appeal if one had rather lost sight of it. A girl has been found dead in Montmartre—dead in a seedy, blue satin evening dress on a wet night, with a missing shoe and no handbag. A bar-girl, possibly—yet she looks different. Besides, this is Old Grouch's section, and he has never seen her before. The dress was hired; and at the shop nothing is known about her. However, Maigret stodges on. So, to his irritation, does Old Grouch—trudging round solitary and aggressive, with a cold in the head. It is an unacknowledged duel; but it is Grouch who slips up at last, because he failed to recreate the dead girl. A pathetic story, rather let down by the solution.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM EPSTEIN TO "OKLAHOMA!"

THE career of Sir Jacob Epstein falls for me naturally into three parts: My childhood and youth, when he was the subject of proconsular snorts on the part of my father and others of his generation; a second period, when I associated him (as it appears wrongly) with some of the more tiresome intellectuals of the late 'twenties and 'thirties; and a third, when all the angry passions aroused by his early and middle work are spent, and Sir Jacob has only his own refusal to blame for his not being received into the blameless arms of the Royal Academy. It was, therefore, with unusual interest that I read "Epstein: An Autobiography" (Hulton Press; 30s.). This lively, hard-hitting self-portrait answers a number of questions about the artist and his work—and raises in their place a number of others. Though now revised and greatly expanded, its basic form was established in 1940 in an earlier volume called "Let There Be Sculpture," which inspired Bernard Shaw to write him so long a letter on art and artists that he ended with, "Your book was very well written to get all this out of me." The Shavian judgment stands. It is excellent good i' faith. Looking through its pages is like looking through an artistic family album. In spite of his specific denials, I put it down convinced that the brilliant young Polish Jew from the Bronx was very far from being above a desire to *épater les bourgeois*—or, if not, he was by no means displeased when his natural *épatisme* (if there is such a word) succeeded. That he was hurt—often deeply—by the attacks on him is clear from these pages. That he was often unreasonably resentful of criticism, even of the best meant kind, is also clear—so that, for anyone, like the writer, with an essentially forgiving nature, it is sometimes a little shocking to surprise a snarl of retrospective malevolence towards some critic long since dead and forgotten leaping out of Sir Jacob's pages. A great deal of this criticism sounds plumb silly to-day (Sir Jacob devotes quite a considerable portion of this book to reprints of Press notices going back to before World War I.). How fantastic does the outcry about the Strand statues—now, alas! mere mutilated fragments—seem to the modern reader, who cannot but be reminded, as Sir Jacob has said, of that Pope who had tin petticoats designed for the female statues in the Vatican collection. I must confess to no great liking for "Consummatum Est," but in spite of the fact that Sir Jacob is cross with what Lord Samuel said nearly forty-five years ago, when he compared his sculptures with those of the "early inhabitants of Easter Island and Benin," such works as "Genesis" show the strong African influence which makes "African Woman and Child" one of the most beautiful of all his fine bronzes.

I said a little earlier that I had wrongly associated Epstein with some of the more tiresome intellectuals of the between-the-wars period. I was wrong, for the fact is that he is obviously a supreme individualist, not, as he says, "gregarious" and unconnected with "schools," "circles" and cliques. He lashes out as happily at some of those whom the middle-brow might roughly lump together as his fellow-moderns, with the same enthusiasm with which he flouts and jeers at the more "conservative" critics. I was particularly pleased with what he has to say about Marinetti and his futurists. I met Marinetti in Italy during his Fascist period and thought him a theatrical ass. Sir Jacob evidently came to the same conclusion a long time before. "He was a stupid-looking man, and his impudence was as great as his energy. Of course, he was the model for our own English futurists, abstractionists and careerists. Personally, I had no use for his nonsense and show. It became very tiresome, as all spoofy and artificial entertainment does, and the novelty soon wore out." It is all very well done and extremely readable.

Another book I can strongly recommend is "Hiroshima Diary," by Michihiko Hachiya; translated by Warner Wells (Gollancz; 16s.). It is not, however, a book for those whose stomachs are easily turned, or who are inclined to brood on the horrors of atomic warfare. Dr. Hachiya was Director of the Communications Hospital (a post he still holds) when the bomb fell on Hiroshima and changed the world. The hospital was just under a mile from the hyper-centre, as was his own house, from the ruins of which he escaped badly injured. He tells the story of the nightmare time which followed the falling of the *piakadon* (the "flash-boom," as the survivors christened the new, terrifying, unknown weapon) with clinical detachment and without self-pity. "Nightmare" is perhaps the right word. For just as in a nightmare everything seems to have moved incredibly slowly, so for days and days the survivors were left in a little suppurating world of their own, without outside help, without news of what was going on in the rest of Japan, without medical supplies, and, above all, without knowledge of such things as the "radiation sickness" (as it afterwards came to be called), which horribly destroyed, long after the event, apparently untouched survivors. At first we thought that man's inhumanity to man had reached its peak with Hiroshima and Nagasaki. But the scientists tell us it was only a baby compared to the giants they have up their sleeves. A horrible story, but

one which should be read.

"Man of Everest," the autobiography of Tenzing told to James Ramsay Ullman (Harrap; 18s.), tells the story of the famous Sherpa in the accents of the Middle West. All mountaineers will be interested in the book—and all who like a great adventure story. Perhaps from time to time the tone will jar on British ears, and it is a pity that this modest little man has been made the focus of so much misplaced Asian nationalism. A pity, too, that Mr. Ullman makes so much of it. Otherwise, another most readable book.

I suppose no musical combination since Gilbert and Sullivan has given so much pleasure as that of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. "Some Enchanted Evenings," by Deems Taylor (Macdonald; 21s.), is their story (and that of Rodgers' earlier "partner-in-charm," Lorenz Hart). To the composer-authors of "Oklahoma!"—undoubtedly the finest musical of my lifetime—and so many other delights, I should like to say thank you for the pleasure they have given me—a pleasure which is analysed in this excellent volume.

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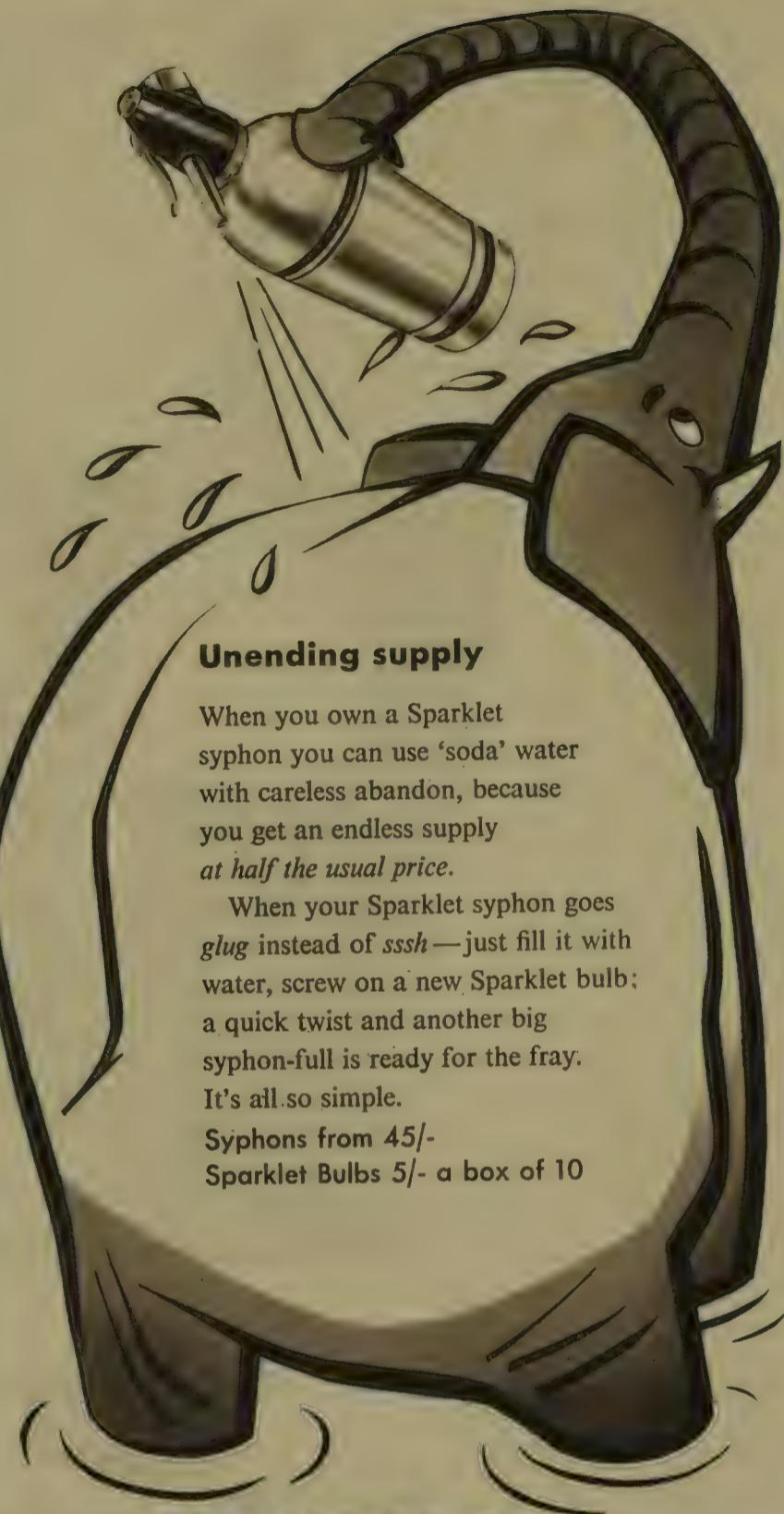
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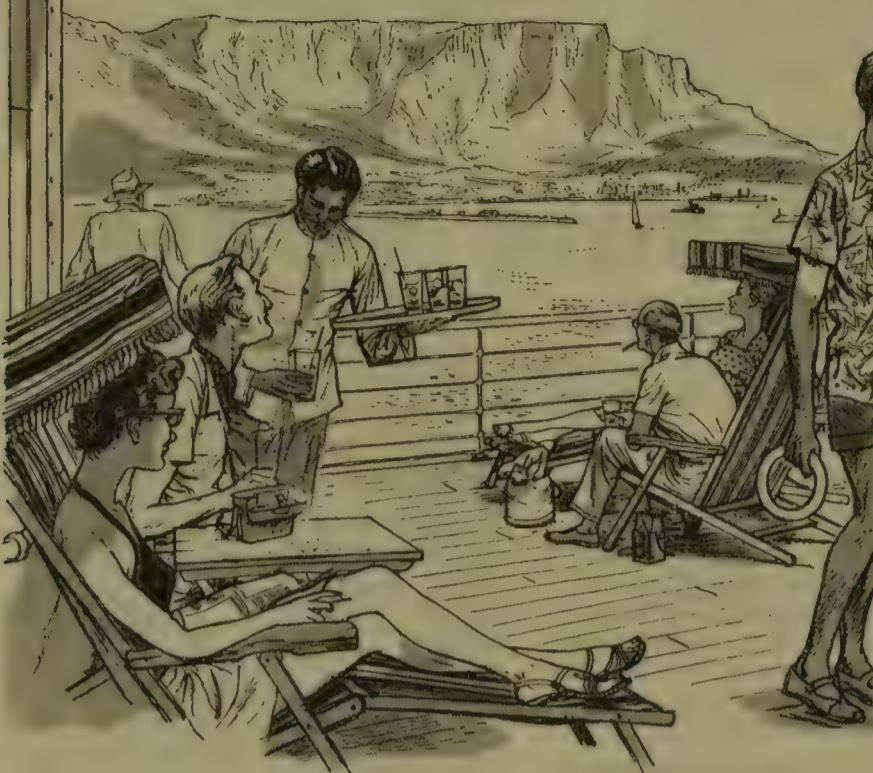


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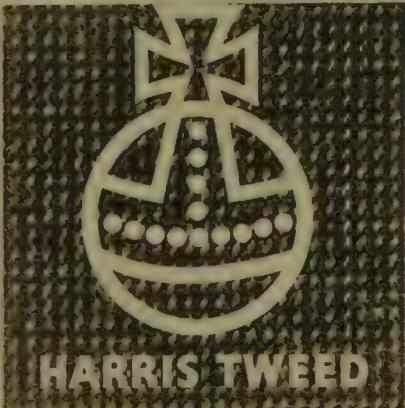


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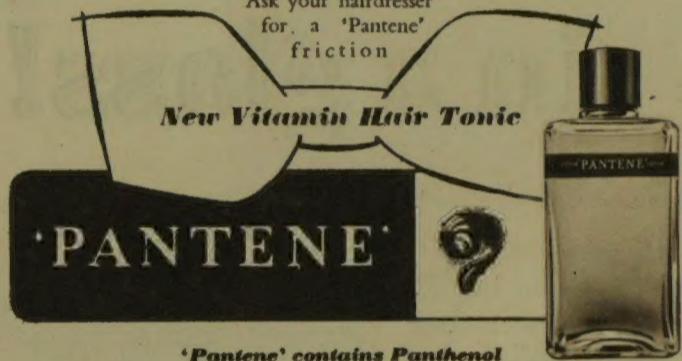
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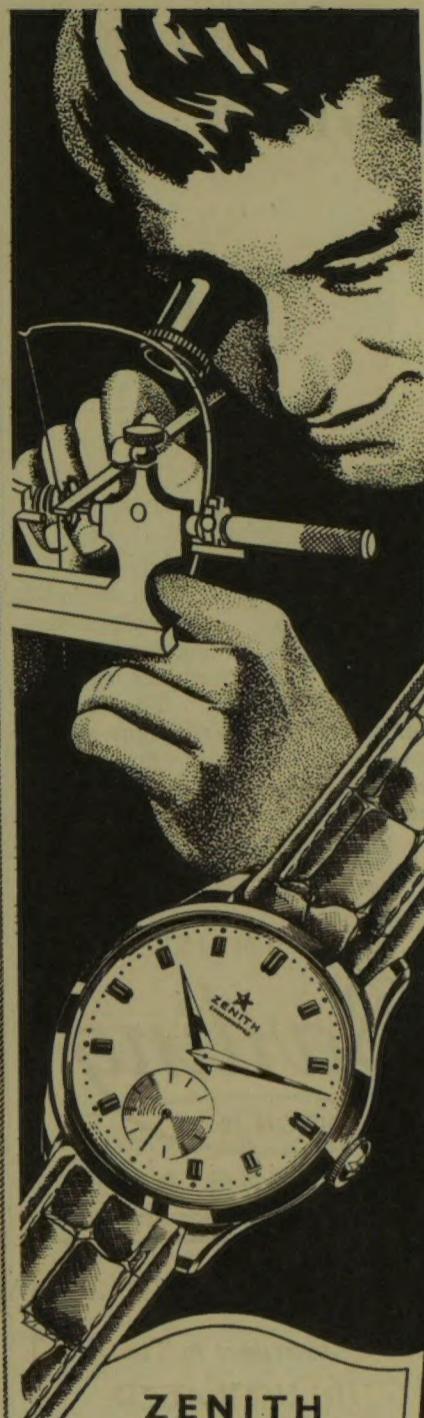
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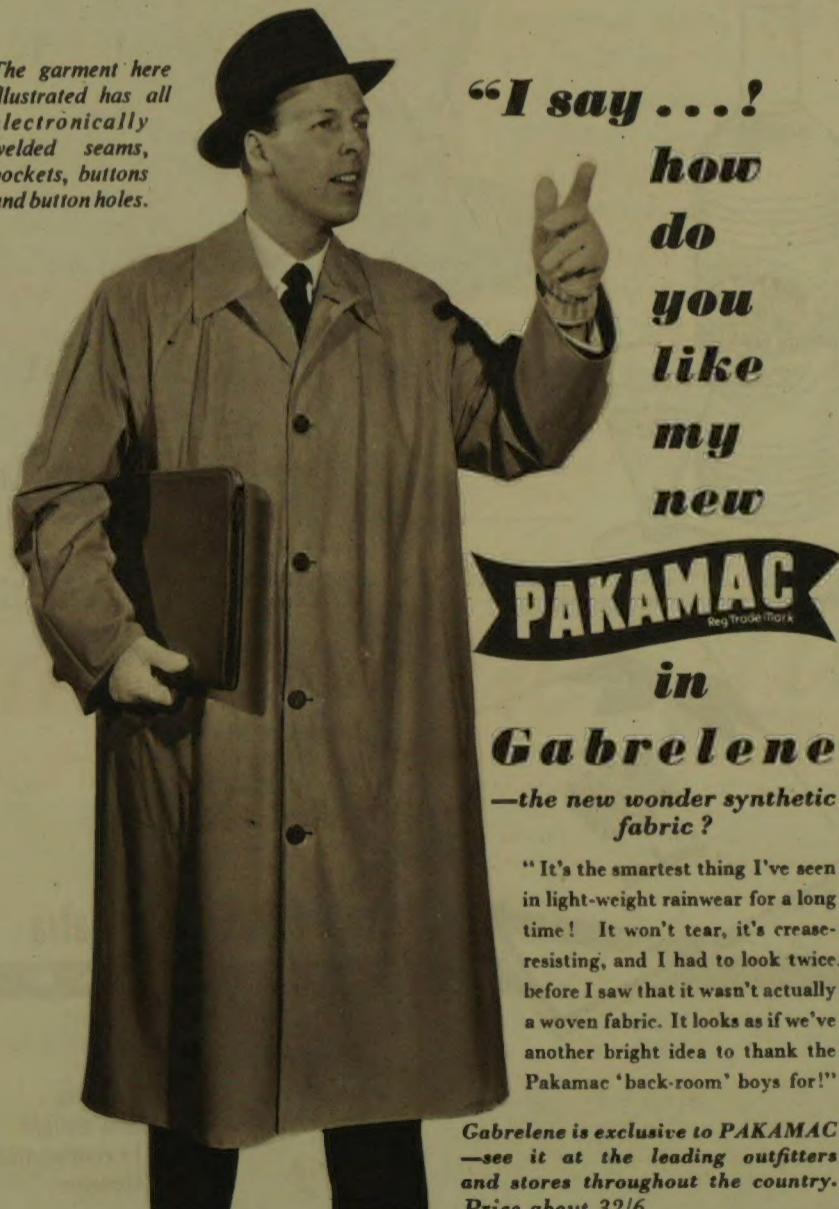


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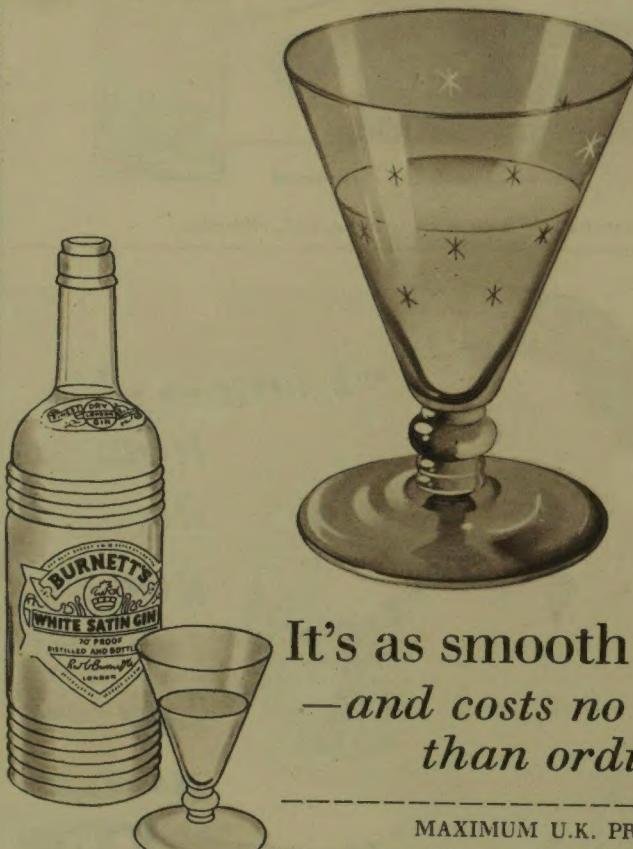
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*This conversation between Sir Compton Mackenzie and Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart was recorded at Sir Compton's Edinburgh home

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